S L E U T H

by

ANTHONY SHAFFER

Final Shooting Script

6th March, 1972

CAST

ANDREW WYKE

MILO TINDLE

INSPECTOR DOPPLER

DETECTIVE SERGEANT TARRANT

POLICE CONSTABLE HIGGS

1 PRELIMARY TITLE SHOT 1

The film opens with a CLOSE UP of the cover of a Hamleys-like Games box. The cover lifts off and we hold on the frozen frame of a bird's eye view of what appears to be a toy car in a toy landscape whose principal feature is a maze of narrow country lanes. The colour is grey. Gradually colour bleeds back into the frame, the car starts to move and we continue with the next scene.

2 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 2

A view from above of deep, narrow country lanes bordered by high hedges, which appear at first sight to be so tortuously twisted, as to be almost concentric. A smart, sports car (Lotus Elan) is making its way painfully amongst them. Every now and then it pauses uncertainly, or pulls up abruptly, U-turns with great difficulty, or reverses furiously. After watching these eccentric gyrations for a while we CUT CLOSE to see who is driving.

3 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY 3

The sports car drives towards us down an impossibly narrow twisting, high-hedged country lane. MILO TINDLE is at the wheel. He is thirty-five, dark, good-looking, self-assured, and dressed in new country tweeds, made to look "wrong" not only by their newness, but by the things he has chosen to display with them - too much breast pocket handkerchief, too big an expanse of shirt-cuff, unfortunate cuff-links, etc. etc. At the moment he is looking thoroughly frustrated, as he tries to find his way through the maze of infuriatingly signposted lanes to his destination.

4 INT. CAR AND EXTERIOR COUNTRY - DAY 4

From the inside of the car the journey looks even more complex and baffling. In addition to the twists and turns in the road every kind of bizarre road-sign appears in his path to mislead him. Such as:

A. No right turn when he wants to turn right.

B. No left turn when he wants to turn left.

C. No U-turn when he wants to turn around.

D. Simultaneous "Yield" and "Don't Yield" signs.

E. Four "No Entry" signs converging upon one tiny crossroad.

4 Continued 4

F. All conceivable "Animal Crossings" including The Dinosaur.

G. Diversion signs without accompanying diversions.

H. Etcetera ...

4A EXT. ANDREW'S DRIVEWAY - DAY 4A

In a foul mood, MILO drives by some ivy-covered gates topped by heraldic beasts. He brakes suddenly and backs up. Attached to the gates is a sign reading CLOAK MANOR. Under it is a tiny visiting card reading ANDREW WYKE. He drives through the gates into a tree-lined driveway.

5 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY 5

A final turn reveals ANDREW WYKE's home - a good-sized fourteenth Century Manor House of mellowed Wiltshire stone. Three huge stone gargoyles perch on the gables of the roof.

MILO draws his car up outside the huge nail-studded door. He looks up at the massive house with impressed curiosity. Slowly he gets out and his eye falls on his torn and dirty car. He regards it disconsolately. Suddenly a voice attracts his attention. It is coming from inside a maze of box privet which stands nearby. Puzzled, he starts to walk towards it. The voice, indistinguishable at first, gets louder as he approaches and enters the maze.

ANDREW (V.O.)
(Merridew's Voice)
But it's quite easy when you come to think of it logically, Inspector. Doctor Grayson was never in London at the time of the murder. True he had an alibi provided for him by nurse Rogers who helps him in his surgery, but she is obviously in love with him, and I've always found that the word of a paramour is pretty useless, haven't you, Inspector?
(Inspector's Voice)
I suppose that I 'ave, yes sir.
(Merridew's Voice)
In fact the good doctor stayed in a small hotel in Melksham on the night in question, then returned to Broughton Gifford on the 2:40 train disguised as Sir Mortimer Turret's valet, Burton, making sure his arrival was noted by

5 Continued 5

ANDREW (Cont)
the Ticket Inspector. From then on his plan was simplicity itself.

MILO enters the maze.

5A EXT. INTERIOR MAZE - DAY 5A

MILO blunders helplessly towards the sound of the voice.

ANDREW
(Merridew's Voice)
Knowing it was Burton's day off he had no difficulty in entering Hellrake Hall unobserved and murdering Sir Mortimer with the arrow from the astrolabe which he had previously sharpened on the stone knife-grinder by the scullery window. Remember my query about brass knives at the time ? I was worried about those metal shavings.
(Inspector's Voice)
By jove, Lord Merridew sir, you don't miss a trick. But since you appear to know so much, sir -

The CAMERA RISES over the privet hedge which forms the boundary of the maze, to look down into its interior.

6 EXT. TOP SHOT MAZE 6

At the very centre of it ANDREW WYKE sits on an ornate stone garden seat listening to the playback from a recording machine and enjoying a drink. Beside him is his manuscript. He is a strongly built, somewhat fleshy man, gone slightly to seed. His face is sourly amused and shadowed with evaded self-knowledge. He wears a country suit of beautiful cut and respectable age. The CAMERA MOVES in towards him. The microphone dangles from his hand as he <u>listens</u> . . .

ANDREW
(Own Voice)
- continued the Inspector humbly,
(Inspector's Voice)
I wonder if you could explain just how the murderer managed to leave the body of his victim in the middle of the tennis court, and effect his escape without leaving any tracks

6 Continued 6

ANDREW (Cont)
behind him in the red dust. Frankly, sir, we in the Police Force are just plain baffled.

INTERCUT with a SHOT of MILO going mad in the maze.

ANDREW rises from the stone bench, suiting the action to the word as he dictates into the machine.

ANDREW
(Own Voice)
St. John Lord Merridew, the great detective, rose majestically, his huge Father Christmas face glowing with mischievous delight. Slowly he brushed the crumbs of seedy cake from the folds of his pendulous waistcoat.
(Merridew's Voice)
The police may be baffled, Inspector,
(Own Voice)
he boomed,
(Merridew's Voice)
but Merridew is not. It's all a question of a little research and a little ratiocination.
(Inspector's Voice)
Ratio ... What was that word, sir?
(Merridew's Voice)
Thirty years ago, the murderer, Doctor Grayson was a distinguished member of the Ballets Russes, dancing under the name of Oleg Graysinski. The years may have altered his appearance somewhat, but his old skill had not deserted him.

MILO passes by on the opposite side of the hedge from ANDREW. **CAMERA** holds them both in shot for a moment.

ANDREW
(Merridew's Voice)
He carried the body out to the centre of the tennis court, walking on his points along the white tape which divides the service boxes. From there he threw it five feet into the court, towards the base line where it was found, and then, with a neatly executed fouette faced about and returned the way he had come, thus leaving no traces. There, Inspector, that is Merridew's solution!

6 Continued 6

MILO (V.O.)
(calling)
Hullo! Is anyone there? Mr Wyke?...
Mr Wyke?

ANDREW turns off the tape recorder.

MILO
Mr Wyke? Are you there?

ANDREW
Who's that?

7/8 EXT. MAZE - DAY 7/8

MILO stares at the hedge separating HIM from ANDREW's voice.

MILO
It's me, Milo Tindle. I think you're expecting me.

ANDREW
Oh yes, indeed. It was good of you to come. Won't you join me?

MILO looks around for a way to ANDREW.

MILO
I've been trying to do exactly that for some time.

ANDREW simply swings a section of the hedge open, and pulls MILO into the centre with him.

ANDREW
(indicating)
My outdoor inner sanctum. Designed it myself. It provides for me that extra bit of privacy an author requires ...

MILO
(nods pleasantly)
I wouldn't think you'd be an easy man to drop in on.

ANDREW studies MILO in friendly fashion.

ANDREW
So you are Milo Tindle, eh? I am Andrew Wyke.

THEY shake hands.

7/8 Continued 7/8

ANDREW (contd.)
Welcome to Cloak Manor.

MILO
Thank you. I found your note - and map - when I got in from London this afternoon.

ANDREW
Good, I was hoping you would be coming down. I'd pushed them through your letter box a little earlier today.

ANDREW moves to a stone cupola serving as a bar.

ANDREW (contd.)
What will you have to drink?

MILO
A vodka and tonic please.

ANDREW
(searching for the vodka)
Of course. How are you settling in there at Laundry Cottage?

MILO
Very well, thank you.

ANDREW
Using it for weekends - that sort of thing?

MILO
Yes, that's the sort of thing.

ANDREW
Ah ... vodka. I'm afraid I've none at hand out here ...

MILO
Gin will do.

ANDREW pours out a large glass of gin over some ice cubes.

ANDREW
Charming little place, Laundry Cottage - ideal for relaxation of all kinds.

He turns to indicate the recorder and the pages of manuscript on the bench.

7/8 Continued 7/8

ANDREW (contd.)
Not that I have much time for them myself, alas. As a matter of fact I've just dictated the denouement of my new book "Death By Double Fault". I must say it's going very well ...

(HE has been searching for tonic water)

I am sorry. It seems I'm without tonic water as well, out here. Shall we go indoors?

MILO
Whatever you like.

ANDREW discards Milo's drink, covers the cupola.

ANDREW
Tell me, would you agree that the detective story is the normal recreation of noble minds?

MILO
I don't know very much about noble minds. Is it supposed to be?

ANDREW
(picking up his manuscript and recorder)

I'm quoting Philip Guedalla - a biographer of the thirties. The golden age when every cabinet minister had a thriller by his bedside, and all the detectives were titled. Before your time I expect.

MILO
(pleasantly)

Somewhat.

(taking the recorder from ANDREW)

Let me carry that.

THEY start out of the maze.

ANDREW
Quite. Thank you. Yet you know, even today I still set my works amongst the gentry, and a great number of ordinary people seem to enjoy them, in spite of the Welfare State.

MILO takes a wrong turn instinctively. ANDREW reaches out to keep HIM on the right track. They continue out of the maze.

7/8 Continued 7/8

MILO
I imagine they do a great deal of your stuff on television.

ANDREW
Oh, God forbid! I'd never permit it. And it's not stuff.

MILO
Well, they're always doing crime stories.

ANDREW
What - you mean those ghastly things where the police race around in cars shooting at people.

MILO
Yes. That's the kind of thing.

ANDREW
Oh, no. That's not my line of country at all. That is detective fact, not detective fiction.

MILO
And therefore no recreation for noble minds?

ANDREW
You've put it in a nutshell my dear Milo, if I may so address you.

MILO
You might as well. We're all on first name terms these days, Andrew.

ANDREW
(affably)
Of course we are. And we two do need to be friendly, do we not?

THEY exit from the maze. The CAMERA remains on a full high shot directly down upon the maze.

SCENE 9 OMITTED (INCLUDED IN 7/8)

9 Continued 9

MILO
Of course. We're all on first name terms these days, Andrew.

ANDREW
Really? In my day it was a privilege extended as a mark of friendship . . . but of course here, we do need to be friendly, do we not?

The two men walk away from us over the manicured grass. Only the occasional screaming rook disturbs the summer's evening, bee drone of the garden.

10 INT. HALLWAY MANOR HOUSE - DAY 10

A hallway of mediaeval stone patterned by the light from odd pieces of stained glass. The great front door is thrown open, and ANDREW enters followed by MILO.

ANDREW goes through the archway which leads to the main room. MILO walks after him.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM OF MANOR HOUSE - DAY 11

The living room at first glance is an extraordinary sight. It is stone flagged and stone walled. A tall window runs the height of the back wall. It is divided laterally by a minstrels gallery which, in turn is approached by a winding staircase. A large half glass cased, grandfather clock stands on the gallery ticking softly. Corridors lead off right and left from the gallery, and also from the other side of the room at floor level. Games of all kinds adorn the room - a bagatelle board, a pier football machine, a dart-board, an early snakes and ladder board, chess, draughts and chequers; bead games; dice games; nine pins with a ball attached to a string; shove halfpenny; games with balls to be thrown into holes, and games with balls to be kept out of holes; card games and blocking games and jigsaws and metal linking puzzles - games in fact of all kinds and all ages some even dating back to the middle ages. Most are practical but some are merely used as wall decorations. Sitting by the window under the gallery is a life-sized figure of a Laughing Sailor.

ANDREW walks to a table and puts his papers down. He then takes MILO's glass of gin from him and fills it with tonic water, but does not give himself a drink. While he is doing this, the CAMERA and a slightly bemused MILO examine the room together in some detail.

11 Continued 11

ANDREW
How do you want your drink?

MILO
On the rocks.

ANDREW glares at him.

MILO
With ice please.

MILO comes face to face with The Laughing Sailor.

MILO
What does he do?

ANDREW presses a switch and the Sailor chuckles, then stops.

ANDREW
That's Jolly Jack Tar the Jovial Sailor.
He and I have a very good relationship.
I make the jokes, and he laughs at them.

ANDREW gives MILO his drink.

ANDREW
(joke German accent)
Here, put zat behind your necktie!

MILO
(looking at Sailor)
He didn't laugh.

ANDREW
He wasn't meant to.

MILO
I thought you were trying to be funny.

ANDREW
He'll know it when I am.

MILO
I see. Cheers.

11 Continued 11

ANDREW

Prost.

MILO crosses to a large game of Senat standing on a table.

MILO

What's this?

He picks up one of the pieces to examine it.

ANDREW

An intensely complicated Egyptian blocking game called Senat, not unlike your own Nine Men's Morris. I've been studying it for months but I'm still only a beginner.

ANDREW looks severely at the piece in MILO's hand.

ANDREW

Would you mind putting that back? It's taken me rather a long time to get it there.

MILO has difficulty in remembering the square from whence he took it.

ANDREW

Centre row four in from your right.

MILO starts to replace the piece.

ANDREW has crossed to stand in front of the fireplace like a Victorian Pater Familias. It is in this tone that he addresses MILO, as if addressing a prospective son-in-law.

ANDREW

I understand you want to marry my wife.

MILO is disconcerted by the directness of the attack, nearly drops the Senate piece. He recovers and replaces it neatly.

ANDREW

You'll forgive me raising the matter, but as Marguerite is away for a few days in the North, visiting relatives, I thought it an appropriate moment, to have a little chat.

11 Continued 11

MILO
You mean she won't be here at all this weekend?

ANDREW
No, I thought it better if she wasn't.

MILO
I see.

ANDREW
Well is it true?

MILO
Well ... Well yes ... with your permission, of course.

ANDREW
Why not. You seem a personable enough young man - nicely spoken, and neatly dressed in new country gentlemen's clothing ...

ANDREW crosses to press down MILO's extravagant display of handkerchief into the breast pocket.

ANDREW
... so I'm sure you won't object if I ask you a few questions about your background - your parents and so on.

MILO
My mother was born in Hereford, a farmer's daughter. My father is an Italian who came to this country in the thirties, from Genoa.

ANDREW
Jewish?

MILO
No, Catholic. Very devout. Of course, I'm not at all religious myself.

ANDREW
My dear boy, you don't have to explain to me. We're all liberals here. I have no prejudice against Catholics or even lapsed Catholics.

11 Continued 11

ANDREW (Cont)
Why some of my best friends are lapsed Catholics. But tell me about your father. Was his name Tindle too?

MILO
His name was Tindolini. But if you had a name like that in those days you had to make-a-da-ice-cream. He was a watchmaker and he wanted us to become English and so he changed it.

ANDREW
(puzzled)
Become English? ... Was he a successful man?

MILO
No, as a matter of fact he wasn't. You can't expect to make a living just out of watch repairing these days. He went broke in the end. I always told him he would.

ANDREW
That must make him something of a burden to you.

MILO
Yes, it does a bit. He never went back, you see. He's still in Soho - still thinks he had it good all those years. Of course, I send him some money from time to time when I can afford it. He did enough for me after all.

ANDREW
Very creditable. And you. What do you do?

MILO
(surprised)
Don't you know? I have a hairdressing salon in South Kensington. Casa Tindolini.

ANDREW
You can use that name these days, can you? People don't take it for an ice-cream parlour?

11 **Continued** 11

MILO
No. The bird... the ladies go for the continental touch.

ANDREW
I see. English too wholesome for them, eh?

MILO
(laughs)
Well, it's not so chic, you see. We've found it pays to provide a Latin Lover atmosphere. Of course, we lay it on a bit thicker at the Brighton shop. They're less sophisticated down there.
(unconscious slip)
I mean to say in London, half of 'em have actually got ...
(trailing off)

ANDREW
Latin Lovers?

HE stares at MILO. MILO flinches, then smiles in friendly fashion.

ANDREW (Cont)
And where do you live? Behind, below or above your "salon"?

MILO
I lease a small Mews House nearby. It's convenient ... and attractive. Georgian, actually ...

ANDREW
From Genoa to Georgian in one generation, eh? Not bad. But I doubt whether an eighteenth-century architectural gem in South Kensington whispers quite the same magic to Marguerite as it does to you.

MILO
She adores old houses. She can't wait to live there.

ANDREW
I understood she was already living there - at least for a couple of nights a week. I'm not mistaken, am I?

11 Continued 11

MILO shrugs in some embarrassment.

ANDREW (Cont)
And that your motive is renting the cottage down here was to increase the incidence of this bi-weekly coupling?

MILO
If that's what you asked me here to chat about -

ANDREW
Never speak ill of the deadly, eh?

MILO
In that event the chat's over.

ANDREW
If I choose to say that my wife converses like a child of six, and makes love like an extinct shellfish, I shall! And I certainly don't need her lover's permission to do so either.

MILO
Thanks for the drink.

He starts towards the door.

ANDREW
Now, now. I thought you were brought up in England. Surely you know it's not done to be rude.

MILO
You were being rude about a woman I'm in love with.

ANDREW
On the contrary. I was reminiscing about my wife.

MILO
It comes to the same thing.

11 Continued 11

ANDREW
Things mostly do you know. But I'll wager that within a year, it's you who'll be being rude about Marguerite and I who'll be being rhapsodic, having quite forgotten how intolerably tiresome, vain, spend-thrift, self-indulgent and generally bloody crafty she really is. As a matter of fact all I need to know from you is - can you afford to take her off my hands?

MILO stops and pays attention.

MILO
Afford to ...

ANDREW
... support her in the style to which she was not accustomed before she met me, but now is.

MILO gestures expansively round the room.

MILO
You don't think she really needs all this do you?

ANDREW
What will you offer her instead? Love and the simple life?

MILO
You make them sound like diseases.

ANDREW
You will find that, for Marguerite, love is the fawning of a willing lapdog, and simplicity a square cut 24-carat diamond from Van Cleaf and Arpels.

MILO starts out again.

ANDREW
(stung)
Oh, why don't you just sit down instead of stalking out of the room like a molested virgin. We need to talk about something that matters desperately to both of us.

11 Continued 11

MILO
Marguerite doesn't matter to you.

ANDREW
Money does, as I'm sure it does to you. Have you got any?

MILO
Well, I'm not a millionaire, but I'm not starving. The salon in London is doing all right and the one in Brighton is almost breaking even. By this time next year ...

ANDREW
This year, next year, sometime, never. What you're saying in fact, is that at present you're skint.

MILO
We'll survive.

ANDREW
Survival is scarcely the point. Presumably when you're married to Marguerite you'll want a place on the Riviera, a fast car, a couple of mistresses -

MILO
(breaks in)
Presumably? Just because you need those things?

ANDREW
As does every right-thinking, insecure, deceitful man. The point is how to get them.

MILO
I'm sure you do alright.

ANDREW
Me? Oh no. Just this fading mansion, the slowest Bentley in Wiltshire, and only one mistress, I'm afraid.

MILO
Tea. The Finnish bird who runs the Sauna Bath in Salisbury.

11 Continued 11

MILO makes himself a fresh drink.

ANDREW
So you know about Tea, do you?

MILO
(fixing the drink)
Marguerite and I have no secrets from each other.

ANDREW
Not even mine, it seems.

HE starts for the Billiard Room.

ANDREW
(en route: mock mystical)
Tea is a Karelian Goddess. Her golden hair smells of pine, and her cobalt eyes are the secret forest pools of Finlandia.

MILO
I hear she's a scrubbed blonde with all the sex appeal of a second-hand Jeep.

HE follows after ANDREW, carrying his drink.

12 INT. BILLIARD ROOM - EVENING 12

MILO joins ANDREW in the Billiard Room. ANDREW has selected his cue, and is chalking it.

ANDREW
You can take it from me that Tea's an engaging little trollop and she suits me mightily. Mind you, she takes a bit of keeping up with. It's a good thing I'm pretty much of an Olympic sexual athlete.

ANDREW starts to play snooker brilliantly. MILO selects a cue for himself, and chalks it. HE then waits for ANDREW to miss.

MILO
I suppose these days you're concentrating more on the sprints than the long distance stuff.

12 Continued 12

ANDREW
Not so dear boy. I'm in the pink of condition. I could copulate for England at any distance.
(pots blue ball)
Red.

MILO
Well, as they say in the Olympics, it's not the winning, it's the taking part that counts. Are you going to marry her?

ANDREW
Marry a Goddess? I wouldn't presume. I might get turned into a birch tree.
(pots red ball)
Black. No, I simply want to live with her.

MILO
So what's stopping you.

ANDREW
Basically, the firm of Prurien and Pry Ltd. who you and Marguerite have seen fit to employ. Now don't look so innocent. Those nicotine-stained private detectives who've been camping outside Tea's flat for the past week.
(pots black ball)
Red.

MILO
Marguerite said you'd spot them.

ANDREW
No one can read the Evening News for four hours in a Messerschmitt Bubble Car and expect to remain undetected ...
(pots red ball)
Black.

MILO
It was an insurance policy to keep you from changing your mind about the divorce.

ANDREW chalks his cue and studies his next shot.

ANDREW
How did you know I wasn't having you watched?

12 Continued 12

MILO
Marguerite also said you wouldn't do a thing like that. Why not?

ANDREW
I thought it would be a waste of time.
(pots black ball)
Red.

MILO
(resentfully)
Afraid of what you'd find out - or didn't you think it was possible?

ANDREW
Now don't start doing a fertility dance. Of course I knew they'd find you and Marguerite rutting away like crazed weasels. But why should I pay good money to have something confirmed that I've known for months?
(pots red ball)
Black.

MILO
Then if you knew, why didn't you do something about it?

ANDREW
I had to assure myself that you and Marguerite were going to be a fixture. You see, I want to lose the dear girl for life, not just for a two-week Tindolini perm, set, and touch-up.
(pots black ball)

ANDREW makes a dazzling shot.

MILO
Good shot.

ANDREW
Yes it was, yellow. You don't know her as I do. You think you do, but you don't. If you fail her, by which I mean cancelling the account at Harrods, or short-changing her on winter in Jamaica, she'll be back to me in a jiffy mewing for support. And guilty wife or no - she may be entitled to get it.
(pots yellow ball)
Green.

12 Continued 12

MILO
Money isn't everything. And what if she is used to luxury? Whose fault is that?

ANDREW
It's not a fault if you can afford it.
(pots green ball)
Brown. But can you? Knowing you to be hard up has she shown any sign of mending her ways during these last idyllic three months?
(pots brown ball)
Blue. When for instance did she last turn down Dom Perignon for the persuasive charms of - no offence, mind you - Dago Red;
(pots blue ball)
Pink. Or reject caviar in favour of a pieca pizza?
(pots pink ball)
Black. No, I'm not joking. How much has this brief liaison cost you so far?

ANDREW uses the wall billiard marker to emphasise his points.

ANDREW
Five hundred pounds? Eight hundred? A thousand? And that father of yours in Soho, when did you last send him any money?

MILO
(uneasily)
We have talked about money. Often. I've told her we spend too much.

ANDREW
And she takes no notice?

MILO
(softly)
None.

ANDREW
A silvery laugh? A coquettish turn of the head?

MILO
Something like that.

ANDREW
Exactly. Well, it's to solve this little problem that I have invited you here tonight.

12 Continued 12

ANDREW (Cont)
This, as they say, is
(Central European accent)
Vere ze plot zickens.
(pots black ball)

ANDREW pockets the last ball on the table with a fine shot and puts his cue back in the rack.

MILO
Ah? What plot?

ANDREW
I'll explain over a splendid cognac I keep specially for the purpose. What are you doing with that cue in your hand?

MILO
Waiting for you to miss.

ANDREW
I don't.

He puts his arm round MILO's shoulders and leads him out.

13 INT. PASSAGEWAY - EVENING 13

With his arm round MILO's shoulders ANDREW walks slowly down the long corridor towards his study.

ANDREW
Once upon a time Dear Milo there was an Englishman called Andrew Wyke, who in common with most of his countrymen was virtually castrated by taxation. To avoid total emasculation, his accountants advised him to put a considerable part of his money, some two hundred and fifty thousand pounds into jewellery. His wife, of course, was delighted.

MILO
Marguerite never told me you'd given her ...

ANDREW looks at MILO reprovingly.

ANDREW
Nor did I, of course. It's still mine, as well she knows. But we felt she might as well wear it as bank it. After all, it's fully insured.

13 Continued 13

MILO
(warily)
I see what you mean by the plot thickening. It usually does when insurance is mentioned.

ANDREW
I'm glad you follow me so readily. You see I want you to steal that jewellery.

ANDREW starts a whirling "Wheel of Fortune" game going on the wall. He enters the study. MILO stares at the game.

14 INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - EVENING 14

The study is a slightly smaller room than the billiard room, or the living room. It is panelled, book-lined, and hung with a large portrait of Marguerite. ANDREW is pouring a couple of brandies. MILO enters slowly.

ANDREW
Tonight for choice. With Marguerite away, it's an admirable opportunity.

MILO
You're round the twist. You're stark staring bonkers ...

ANDREW
I'm fully in command of my faculties, I assure you.

MILO
(playing for time)
But what about the servants ... ?

ANDREW
I've sent Mr and Mrs Hawkins to the sea-side for a forty-eight hour paddle. They won't be back till Sunday night. So you see the house is empty.

HE hands MILO one of the brandies.

ANDREW (Cont)
Cheers.

He raises his glass and drinks.

14 Continued 14

ANDREW (Cont)
What do you say?

MILO
It sounds distinctly criminal.

ANDREW
Of course it's criminal. All good money-making schemes in England have got to be these days. The jewellery, when it's not in the bank, lives in an ingeniously hidden safe here in the study. For instance, where would you look for it?

MILO stares up at the portrait of MARGUERITE.

ANDREW
(sweetly)
A good likeness would you say?

MILO
Yes, very. But I wouldn't think you'd keep your safe behind it. I've seen that in too many movies.

ANDREW
Good thinking. Alright then, where? Are you up to finding it?

MILO looks carefully around him and sees a dart-board on the wall. He picks up a single gold-mounted dart from ANDREW's desk and takes up a position 9 feet from the dart-board. He throws it into the bulls-eye. The board drops away to reveal the safe.

ANDREW
(crestfallen)
Hm. There are certain skills best acquired in public bars, I suppose. But what made you think -

MILO
Easy. You and your games. It was the only one in the room.

ANDREW
Apparently, then, you're clever enough to steal. Anyway, the jewels are in there. All

14 **Continued** 14

ANDREW (Cont)
you have to do is steal them, sell them abroad, and live happily ever after with Marguerite. All I have to do is to claim the insurance money and live happily ever after with Tea.
(pause)
In my case perhaps not ever after, but at least until I get fed up with a cuisine based principally on the elk.

MILO takes his first sip of brandy.

MILO
Is that what you asked me over to hear? A grotty little plot to defraud the insurance company?

ANDREW
I'm sorry you find the plot grotty. I thought it was nicely clear and simple.

MILO
Look, just supposing I do as you say and nick - steal the jewels. If I sell 'em under my own name I'll be picked up as soon as you report their loss. If I sell 'em to a fence, always supposing I could find one, he'd carve me up. I'd get a fraction of their value.

ANDREW
Not with the fences I know.

MILO
(derisory)
What fences would you know?

ANDREW
Some of the finest in Europe - prudent, yet prodigal. I met them some years ago, while researching "The Deadly Affair of the Druce Diamond." But surely you've read it?

MILO studying ANDREW, shakes his head. ANDREW crosses to his bookshelves on which we see a number of his books and selects "The Deadly Affair of the Druce Diamond." He offers it to MILO.

14 Continued 14

ANDREW
Pity. It was an absolute corker - sold at least a hundred thousand copies.

MILO makes no effort to take the proffered book, but continues to regard ANDREW thoughtfully. The latter replaces the book.

ANDREW
At any rate, on your behalf I have already contacted a certain gentleman in Amsterdam. He will treat you very well; you won't get the full value of the jewels, but you will get two-thirds, say a hundred and seventy thousand pounds, and you'll get it in cash.

The figure surprises MILO. For the first time his greed is stirred. He continues, though, to study ANDREW carefully.

MILO
One hundred and seventy thousand quid ... Why should this feller pay so much?

ANDREW
Because he will have what fences never have - title to the jewels. I will see to it that in addition to the jewels, you also steal the receipts I got for them.

He produces a sheaf of receipts from the desk drawer and shows them to MILO.

ANDREW (Cont)
All you have to do is hand them over together. Now, what does my insurance company discover, when it swings ponderously into action, antennae pulsing with suspicion? It discovers that someone impersonating Andrew Wyke sold the jewels for a hundred and seventy thousand pounds cash. But they've still got to pay me. Hard cheese!

ANDREW saunters toward the door of the study.

ANDREW
Think it over. Take your time.

14 Continued 14

MILO
(abruptly)
And how do I know this whole thing isn't just one big frame-up?

ANDREW
Frame-up?

MILO
Yes. That you really hate my . . . the idea of Marguerite and me together. That once I'm clear of the house, an anonymous phone call to the police . . .

ANDREW
(breaks in)
Leaving me stuck with her for another bickering eternity? Wrinkle cream on the breakfast tray, eyelashes in the washbasin, the bottles, the lotions, the unguents, the oils, the tribal record player, and that ceaseless vapid yak . . . Oh yes, I could shop you to the police, nothing easier, but whatever for? Still, it's for you to evaluate, old boy . . .

He leaves the study. MILO, alone, looks up at the portrait of MARGUERITE. He gulps the brandy.

15 INT. MAIN ROOM - EVENING 15

ANDREW is seated at the game of Senat, studying it. A tentative move or two. A sip of brandy. MILO, glass in hand, comes in from the passage to the study.

MILO
Look, I know this sounds stupid, but . . . but well, have you had any experience - I mean have you ever actually committed a crime before?

ANDREW
Only in the mind's eye so to speak. For the purpose of my books. St. John Lord Merridew would have a pretty lean time of it if I didn't give him any crimes to solve.

15 Continued 15

MILO
St. John Lord who?

ANDREW looks up from his game, staggered by the question.

ANDREW
You're joking.

MILO
What about?

ANDREW
(astounded)
Who is St. John Lord Merridew? Why even Marguerite, when I first met her, knew and adored him. He's my detective - known to millions all over the civilized world. "A classical scholar with a taste for good pipes and bad puns, but with a nose for smelling out evil superior to anything in the Force."

MILO
Oh yes, the police are always stupid in the kind of stories you write, aren't they? They never solve anything. Only an amateur sleuth ever knows what's going on. But that is detective fiction. That is fact - this is for real.

ANDREW
I am aware of the difference, Milo. I also know that insurance investigators are as sharp as razors. And I am also aware of my own not inconsiderable capabilities. Of course if you doubt them or don't trust me ...

MILO
I'm not sure I do. That's why it's a very difficult decision to make.

ANDREW rises to get a couple of cigars. He clips them carefully, hands one to MILO, removes the band from his own and lights it.

ANDREW
Tell me, do you have a doting, nonagenarian, very rich aunty who alas is riddled with terminal asthma?

(NOTE: Cut last direction and speech at end of Page 28) Continue as follows.)

15 Continued 15

ANDREW
(still seated at Senat Game)
Not at all difficult. Perfectly simple. You have an expensive woman and no money. It seems to me if you want to keep Marguerite -

MILO
Look, why don't you steal the bloody jewels and simply hand them over to me?

ANDREW
I should have thought that was obvious. The burglary has to look real. The house has actually to be broken into.

MILO
Then why don't you break into it?

ANDREW
A question of agility, for one thing dear boy.
(Brooklyn accent)
Milo baby, do me a favour - lemme handle this? Know what I mean? Crime is my bag. I've got this caper worked out to the last detail. You're the star, kid, I'm only the producer.

A close study of MILO's face reveals clearly that he has come to realise that to get the money he is going to have to indulge Andrew's idiosyncracies.

MILO
(reflectively)
One hundred and seventy thousand pounds.

ANDREW
Tax free. In cash. It would take a lot of Tindolini's Tonsorial Teasing to make that sort of money.

MILO
All right. I'll do it! Where do I break in?

He rushes for the front door.

ANDREW
Not so fast. You've got to disguise yourself first.

MILO
What on earth for?

15 Continued 15

ANDREW
Suppose someone saw you climbing in?

MILO
Here? You're in the middle of nowhere. I barely found the bloody place with a map.

ANDREW
Who knows? A dallying couple! A passing sheep rapist! ... And dear boy, remember the clues we're to leave for the police and the insurance company. We don't want your footsteps in the flower beds, or your coat button snagged on the window sill. Oh no, you must be disguised.

During above speech they move down to Cellar Door.

MILO
All right, how?

ANDREW opens door and turns back to Milo.

ANDREW
(Charlie Chan Voice)
Please to follow me, number one son.

MILO follows him down into Cellar.

16 INT. STAIRS DOWN TO CELLAR EVENING 16

ANDREW speaks as he leads MILO down the stairs.

ANDREW
You know, in the good old days - before television, that is - people constructed the pleasures of life for themselves. They amused each other and were in turn amused. They didn't just sit and stare. Why, in this house there was scarcely a weekend without its treasure hunts and charades -
(he opens iron door and goes through, stopping near gas lamp)
games of infinite variety - there was virtually no end to the concealment of identity. Surely Marguerite has told you ...

MILO
Actually, she's never mentioned it.

HE goes through doorway, CAMERA HOLDING on ANDREW who turns on gas street lamp.

ANDREW
(a touch wistful)
Well. It was all some time ago.

17-18 INT. CELLAR EVENING 17-18

ANDREW follows after MILO who stands contemplating the tableaux depicting the themes of ANDREW's books. ANDREW begins what could become a Grand Tour of his collected works ...

ANDREW
(circling)
A few scenes from some of my books, lovingly recreated by an artist friend. Here we have the necrophilic barber of Tunbridge Wells. And here the doltish pie poisoner of "The Simple Simon Murders". Next, "The Grisly Affair of -"

MILO
(patiently; breaking in)
Andrew, we were looking for a disguise.

ANDREW
Quite so, dear boy, so we were.

HE moves on to a heavy hamper from the top of which he discards an animal hide.

ANDREW
Here we are! The dressing-up basket - our old treasure chest of make-believe. Let's see what we've got.

17-18 Continued 17-18

He flings open the basket and takes out pieces of a burglar's outfit one by one, puts them up against MILO.

ANDREW
H'm, this should suit. Item. A face mask, a flat cap, a striped jersey, and a bag marked Swag.

MILO puts mask and cap on.

MILO
(sarcastic)
What about a neon sign that just says 'burglar'?

ANDREW
You may have a point.

ANDREW throws costume onto lid of basket, gets out monk's habit.

ANDREW
Ah-ha! One of my favourites - the ecclesiastical housebreaker - Brother Lightfingers!
(puts habit around his shoulders, starts to stalk, intoning in the manner of radio "horror" programmes...)
Perhaps we shall never know the identity of the cowled figure seen haunting the grounds of the Manor House on the night of the terrible murder - if living identity it had. To this day, there are those who claim to hear the agonized screams of the victim echoing round the chimney pots.

Banshee howls ...

MILO
Andrew, for Christ's sake, stop mucking about! Haven't you just got an old pair of sneakers, a raincoat, and a sock that I can pull over my head?

ANDREW removes the monk's habit, crosses back to the basket and discards it.

ANDREW
Old pair of sneakers and a sock? Milo, let's have a bit of style! Let's give our crime the true sparkle of the thirties - that amateur aristocratic quirkiness. Just think of those fanciful devices which used to delight us all.
(once more he moves about with his fantasies)

17-18 Continued 17-18

ANDREW (continued)
The ice dagger. The poison that leaves no trace. The monogrammed cigarette stubbed in the ashtray, charred violet notepaper in the grate. Dusenberg tyre marks in the driveway, the clutching hand with the missing joint from the little finger - where were you on the night of the thirteenth? ... I swear I didn't do it, Inspector, I'm innocent I tell you, innocent ...

HE ends in the classic criminal crouch before MILO.

MILO
My friend, you have flipped out of your skull.

HE now rummages in the basket.

ANDREW
And why not? We're on the brink of a great crime! Don't you feel the need to give your old arch-enemy, Inspector Plodder of the Yard, a run for his money?

HE has moved back to basket. HE takes off jacket and hangs it on gas lamp. HE holds up a French Courtier's costume, puts it on, and makes a leg.

ANDREW
Monsieur Beaucaire! Milo this is you. A full-bottomed wig, lots of beauty spots - snuff powder to throw all over the place ...

MILO
(looking up from the basket)
From the Case of the Phantom Faggot, right?

MILO pulls from the basket a slinky, sequined, gown of the 20's.

MILO
Groovy. I might even do the whole thing in drag ...

MILO slinks up against ANDREW batting his eyelids like Theda Bara. ANDREW, with a "Do you mind?", backs away. MILO follows seductively ...

MILO
Kiss me, fool.

MILO stretches out abandonedly on the top of an old-fashioned trunk adopting the "Theda Bara" pose.

MILO
Never mind me cryin' make me 'ave it.

17-18 Continued 17-18

As he rises, INSERT of his foot pressing the "trunk release". The lid of the trunk flies open. A skeleton sits up , then stands up, arms fly out at MILO.

MILO
Christ! Who's this?

ANDREW
(to skeleton; reproachfully)
So that's where you've been, Auntie Maude. Naughty girl.
(to MILO)
Shall we decide on the dress, then?

MILO
(still shaken)
No.
(HE throws the dress across the room to basket)

ANDREW
(moving back to basket)
Well, you have been the choosy one. There's not a great deal left.

ANDREW pulls out a clown mask and coat.

ANDREW
We'll just have to settle for Joey.

MILO
A Joey! Now you're talking! A clown!

ANDREW throws coat to MILO and puts mask on lid of basket and during dialogue gets out trousers, waiter's dicky and vest and throws them towards MILO, who puts them on table.

ANDREW
Can't you see it all - the sawdust ring, the tinsel, the glitter, the lights ...

MILO
Elephants, the high wire, the roar of the crowd ...

ANDREW
Merry Milo Tindle - the kiddies delight!

MILO
(laughing)
This is it, alright!

ANDREW
Off with your jacket, your shirt and trousers.

17-18 Continued 17-18

MILO

What for?

ANDREW

After all we don't want the police to find any fibres of this beautiful suit.

(he goes to hang up Milo's jacket)

You have no idea how clever they are in those laboratories of theirs. We won't run any risks, you and I.

MILO is now out of shirt and trousers and folding them up.

ANDREW

That's it ... down to your smalls ... Don't be shy ... Oh, I know a well brought-up boy when I see one - Folds his pants at night.

HE takes things from MILO and puts them on table. MILO is getting into clown suit. As he dresses, MILO sings to himself Vesti La Guibba, ending as he snaps the outsize bow tie into place with a final flourish. ANDREW, during this, moves back to the basket takes off Monsieur Beaucaire outfit and puts on his own jacket.

MILO

(singing)

A hundred and seventy thousand pounds, tax free in cash! Ecco Milo!

ANDREW

Bravissimo. Now all you need are the boots.

HE pulls them out of basket and throws them and hat over to MILO.

MILO

Hey, slap shoes!

HE puts hat on and moves to put shoes on, sitting by gas lamp. ANDREW sits on edge of basket watching him.

MILO

I've always wanted a pair of these - ever since my father took me to the Palladium as a kid. Maybe I'd have made it - who knows? A lot of my pals did that - danced their way up.

MILO tries a clumsy soft shoe shuffle. ANDREW picks up mask from lid of basket and bugle from lamp-stand and goes through iron gate to MECHANICAL FIGURE.

MILO

Well, I guess vaudeville's loss is hair-dressing's gain.

17-18 Continued 17-18

ANDREW
(anxious to get on with it)
Speaking of gains - are we ready?
(he starts FIGURE working)
Places, please, for the grand parade!

ANDREW carrying clown mask and broken trumpet leads the way out of the cellar, trumpeting circus entrance music.

19 INT. STAIRS LEADING UP FROM THE CELLAR TO THE PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE STUDY 19

ANDREW leads the way up the stairs, trumpeting. MILO follows? strutting gingerly in his huge boots.

20 INT. THE PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE THE STUDY 20

ANDREW and MILO cavort down the passageway to the main room. (Additional Circus Huckstering dialogue to be supplied).

ANDREW
Make way for Tindolini! ... The Kiddies favourite! Crazier than Kelly! Greater than Grock!

More circus music, more horseplay, as they disappear round the corner of the corridor into the main room.

21 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM 21

ANDREW and MILO busk their way into the main room. MILO does a 'bit' with the Sailor, then presses the switch. The Sailor chuckles, and then laughs more forcefully.

MILO
He thinks I'm funny.

ANDREW
And so you are. Turn that off.

21 Continued 21

MILO turns off the Sailor. ANDREW opens a drawer in a sidetable and produces putty, a glass cutter and a stethoscope.

ANDREW
Now let's get on with it. Here are the tools of your trade. One glass cutter to break in with. One piece of putty for holding onto the cut piece of glass, so it doesn't clatter to the ground and awake the ravenous Doberman Pinscher you suspect lurks inside. And one stethoscope.

MILO
Stethoscope?

ANDREW
Safebreakers for the use of. The theory is you tried to pick the lock of the safe by listening to the tumblers, failed, and then resorted to dynamite.

MILO
(alarmed)
Dynamite! What for?

ANDREW
Safes for the blowing open of. But you can leave all that to me. Now, how about some bizarre touch - perhaps a tear-drenched pom pom, left impaled on a splinter of glass ...

MILO
(angry)
Why not take a full page ad in the Times and sell tickets for the cops to come and watch? Pom poms!

ANDREW
I was only trying to lighten Inspector Plodder's day for him. If you don't like the idea -

MILO
There's no such animal as Inspector Plodder outside of your detective stories. It'll be some sharp-eyed bloke who knows his job backwards you can bet your bottom dollar on that ... and I can't move in this outfit. These boots are ridiculous.

21 Continued 21

MILO stumbles and starts to take his boots off.

ANDREW
But you loved them so. Keep them on! Can't you see the headlines? Wiltshire paralysed. West country in a ferment. Where will Big Boot strike next?

MILO
Right in the arse. That's where. Mine.

ANDREW
(reasonably)
All those boots will tell the police is that a true professional realised the flower beds would carry footprints, and decided to disguise his own, perhaps a trifle eccentrically. Now, let's get on. Have you got everything? Glass cutter, putty? Stethoscope?

MILO
(surly but resigned to humour him)
Yes. I've got everything.

ANDREW hands MILO the mask and top-hat and he puts them on. ANDREW steps back a pace or two to admire the full effect.

ANDREW
Milo, it's absolutely terrific. You're the complete clown.

MILO bows gravely. The mask, too big, falls over his eyes. He shoves it back.

ANDREW
Now come with me and listen carefully.

ANDREW leads the way through to the hall. MILO carries his mask.

22 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK 22

ANDREW leads MILO into the hall. They cross it and ANDREW opens the front door.

23 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE DAY 23

ANDREW and MILO come out.

ANDREW
Walk round the house to your left and cross the lawn diagonally. In the far corner you will find a shed. In the shed is a ladder. Bring it back and stand it against the big window of the main room, so you can break in at the upper landing. Understand?

MILO
Upper landing? I suppose you couldn't come out and hold the ladder steady for me.

ANDREW
Certainly not. I don't want my footprints in the flowerbeds.

MILO
I'm not very good at heights.

ANDREW
Then don't look down. Concentrate instead on thick bundles of sterling notes -

MILO nods. Puts on his mask.

ANDREW
A hundred and seventy thousand of them. Tax free. In cash! Good luck, partner!

They shake hands. MILO moves off towards small door leading to Croquet Lawn. He stops, turns to look back at ANDREW.

MILO
(laughing)
What a way to make a living.

He then goes through the small door. ANDREW returns into the house.

24 HALL 24

ANDREW closes the front door and rubs his hands together briskly. He walks rapidly from the hallway into the Main Room.

25 INT. MAIN ROOM 25

ANDREW hurries across it and into the passageway.

26 INT. PASSAGEWAY TO STUDY 26

ANDREW hurries down the passageway and opening the door which leads down to the cellar, plunges down the stairs.

27 INT. STAIRS TO CELLAR 27

ANDREW runs down the stairs and enters the cellar.

28 INT. CELLAR 28

ANDREW runs in and gathers up MILO's clothes which are lying neatly stacked on the table. He starts up the stairs again.

29 EXT. SMALL GARDEN WITH RIVER RUNNING THROUGH (LOCATION) 29

There is a long ladder on the ground which MILO gets up onto his back and starts to drag along.

30 EXT. CROQUET LAWN - DAY (LOCATION) 30

MILO dragging ladder through gate onto Croquet Lawn and away from camera. He catches his boot in croquet hoop and does a pratt fall. His top hat comes off.

30A INSERT HAT FALLING ON CROQUET HOOP 30A

It remains there.

30B EXT/INT. WINDOW OF ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY (STUDIO) 30B

C.U. ANDREW staring out of window watching MILO, he turns.

31 INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM 31

The walls of the bedroom are decorated with photographs of ANDREW caught in "author poses", and some framed book jackets from his own works. Among others we notice "The Case of the Crucified Countess", "Who Beheaded Little Boy Blue?", and "The Awesome Omniscience of Merridew", and others already mentioned.

ANDREW still carrying MILO's clothes turns from the window, a happy smile on his face. He goes toward a large wardrobe which he opens.

He blithely flings the clothes one by one into the bottom of the wardrobe, then slams the door and walks out of the room.

32 INT. THE GALLERY WITH A VIEW OF LAWN OUTSIDE - DAY 32

ANDREW crosses the gallery. He stops to look out of the window. Through the glass we see MILO still tottering with difficulty towards the house. He is having considerable difficulty controlling the ladder. As we look, the end of the ladder hits the car and MILO falls again. ANDREW grins sourly.

ANDREW
(softly)
Dear Lord Merridew, forgive me ...

HE turns, descends to the main room. The CAMERA stays on the gallery, watching his downward progress, and walk round into the passage which leads to his study.

33 INT. THE STUDY WITH VIEW OF EXTERIOR WINDOW MAIN ROOM THROUGH THE WINDOW - DAY 33

ANDREW enters and goes to his desk. From a drawer he pulls out a length of flex and a detonator. He sits at the desk and starts to connect one to another. There is a sudden crash as MILO places the ladder in position against the side of the house. ANDREW turns in his chair to watch for an instant as MILO struggles to position the ladder for mounting. He then turns away and works on connecting the flex with the detonator.

ANDREW
(Old Woman's Voice)
Puss, puss, puss, do you hear a noise, puss? Was that a footstep in the garden? ... No ... no ... I must have been mistaken. It's just the wind, puss ... just the wind.

Through the window we see MILO adjusting the ladder up against the wall of the house.

34 EXT. WINDOW - DAY 34

MILO starts his ascent.

INTERCUT CLOSE UP BOTTOM OF LADDER sinking into the soft earth. MILO has to dismount, re-position ladder and start again.

34A INT. STUDY - DAY 34A

ANDREW
(Old Woman's Voice)
You know, puss, I sometimes think there's a curse on this house. But you shouldn't pay any attention to me. I'm just a silly old woman who's afraid of her own shadow.

35 EXT. WINDOW OF MAIN ROOM - DUSK 35

MILO reaches the level of the window which leads onto the gallery. He searches for his glass cutter, finds it, and starts work scoring the window in a welter of Mack Sennett terror. After the first scoring.

WE CUT TO

36 INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - EVENING 36

ANDREW rises from the desk and crosses to the safe carrying the detonator, the flex and a small package of dynamite sticks.

ANDREW
What was that, puss? ... Someone's prowling in the grounds ... I'm absolutely certain of it ...

37 EXT. WINDOW OF MAIN ROOM - EVENING 37

MILO on top of the ladder, scores another side of the window, noisily.

38 INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - EVENING 38

ANDREW is attaching the dynamite to the safe.

ANDREW
Perhaps it's Charlie Peace, the notorious cat burglar, the man of a thousand faces, who they say can climb up walls sheer as Everest, and smooth as glass.

39 EXT. WINDOW OUTSIDE THE MAIN ROOM - DUSK 39

MILO on top of the window scores another side of the pane of glass noisily. One of his boots gets caught between the ladder and the wall

40 INT. ANDREW'S STUDY 40

ANDREW is attaching the detonator, on the end of the flex to the dynamite.

ANDREW
Yes puss, I very much fear we're all going to be murdered in our beds ... Now, now, we mustn't imagine things ...

40 Continued 40

He turns and runs the flex out to a light switch on the wall near the desk. He plugs it in.

ANDREW
No one could possibly break into our snug little home.

There is a terrible crash. ANDREW looks through the window, exasperated.

41 EXT. THE WINDOW OUTSIDE THE MAIN ROOM - DUSK 41

MILO falls down the ladder in a crash of glass. Painfully he picks himself up, still foolishly holding onto the bit of putty, now attached to a splinter of glass. One boot is on.

The window of ANDREW's study opens, inwards, and his exasperated face is seen staring out from behind the bars which protect the lower floor from burglars.

ANDREW
For Christ's sake Milo, they couldn't have made more noise on D-Day!

MILO
(furious)
The bloody glass came out and one of my bloody boots got stuck, and I fell down the bloody ladder!

ANDREW
(furious)
Well, the bloody police must have heard it all the way to bloody Salisbury!

MILO
I'm sorry! What do you want me to do with the putty,

ANDREW looks pityingly at MILO.

ANDREW
Shape it. And use it.

He bangs the window of his study. MILO gives ANDREW the two-fingered sign then throws the putty angrily to the ground and starts to ascend the ladder. Half way up he puts on his shoe, the ladder

41 Continued 41

sways dangerously. The CAMERA watches his painful progress upwards. At last he makes it to the window, and reaches inside to open it, putting his hand through the open space created by the pane of glass he has removed. The CAMERA CRANES UP to see his humiliatingly ungainly transference of himself from the ladder onto the floor of the gallery of the house. We see that ANDREW who had obviously come up from the study while MILO has been climbing the ladder, is standing nonchalantly against the gallery banisters watching MILO's entrance. At the end of the performance, the ladder falls back onto the lawn with an enormous thump.

42 INT. THE GALLERY AND CORRIDOR - EVENING 42

MILO struggles in, and rises. ANDREW closes the window. We notice a heraldic device set in the window. It reads "Les jeux interdit font le plus grand plaisir."

ANDREW
You know, somehow I thought you'd be better than that at climbing ladders.

MILO
Believe me I'll have earned the hundred and seventy thousand quid.

MILO strips off his mask and hangs it on the newel post of the staircase.

MILO
Now for the jewels!

ANDREW
No! Not straight away! You're not supposed to know where they are. You have to hunt about a bit first, and disturb a few things.
(Gale Sundergard Voice and manner)
If you'll be good enough to follow me, Miss Rebecca.

ANDREW leads the way down the gallery toward MARGUERITE's bedroom. MILO follows him. The gallery broadens out slightly into a corridor, the walls of which are decorated with opulent feminine prints - Reynolds, Gainsborough, etc. and in the middle of which is a turnstile. A bowl of pennies stands on it.

42 Continued 42

MILO
A turnstile?

ANDREW
One way or another - one always pays to get in.

THEY both go through. ANDREW stops before a door and throwing it open, enters.

43 INT. MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM 43

ANDREW, followed by MILO, enters MARGUERITE's bedroom. It is fussy and feminine. A moment of sudden awareness by both men of where they are - and their relationship to its absent occupant.

ANDREW
The mistress's bedroom. Would you know your way about?

MILO
The mistress - or her bedroom?

ANDREW
Surely it's irrelevant where the bedding took - or takes - place?
(he becomes increasingly tense; for the first time not completely in control of his emotions)
Where to begin, do you think Milo?

ANDREW opens the bottom drawer of a chest of drawers. It is full of night clothes.

ANDREW
Ah! The frillies! Turn them out! Vandalize them!

MILO puts them carefully in a pile on the floor.

ANDREW
You're a burglar, not a ladies' maid! Don't pack 'em. Ravage 'em!

ANDREW takes a flying kick at the pile.

43 Continued 43

ANDREW
Come on Milo!

MILO picks up a pale blue nightdress which obviously has some significance for him.

ANDREW
Excellent. Tear it!

MILO demurs.

ANDREW
Rip it, lover! As if she were in it - and you wanted it off!

Reluctantly MILO tears the nightdress a little ...

ANDREW
You can do better than that, you must have done better!
(MILO tears a bit more)
Here - let me show you ...

ANDREW takes it from MILO, savagely reducing it to shreds ...

ANDREW
More like it! Now where else to search - for diamonds and sapphires and such ?

HE stands looking about the bedroom considering on what to vent his anger and jealousy of Marguerite next.

ANDREW
Where would my lady hide her trophies for skilled services - and accomplishments of affection - over the years?

HE moves over to a fitted wardrobe and throws it open. HE hurls the contents into the middle of the room, scattering them. Then on to a second, and third.

ANDREW
Interleaved amongst mounds of lace-edge underclothes? Packed in the false bottoms of dust-covered hat boxes? Sewn into the hems of always-the-latest, had-to-have, at-once-discarded, Parisian dresses?

ANDREW crosses from the third wardrobe to the dressing table from which he picks up a silver backed mirror. HE stares into it ...

43 Continued 43

ANDREW
Or perhaps secretly concealed in the back of this. What better safe deposit for deceit? How many times has it reflected bright eyes that betrayed, the mouth that lied, and kissed, and lied again ...

ANDREW swipes all MARGUERITE's make-up pots off the dressing table with the mirror. HE then throws it to the floor, moves to stamp on it. MILO's been watching him curiously ...

MILO
I thought I was supposed to be doing the ravaging. The search - and destroy.

ANDREW recovers himself with an effort.

ANDREW
So you were. So you were. Merely demonstrating, I was. Just the school-master in me, perhaps ... be a good fellow and stamp on that for me, would you?

(HE holds mirror out to Milo)

MILO
Why me?

ANDREW
I'm afraid if I broke it, I'd get seven more years of Marguerite.

MILO stamps on the mirror, breaking it. ANDREW stoops, picks it up. It reflects his cracked face. By now, however, under control. He drops it casually, kicks it under the bed.

MILO
(sudden, savage, cold anger)
Now where's your bedroom?

ANDREW
Mine? Whatever would a jewel burglar look for there?

MILO
(tensely)
It's my turn to demonstrate. Show what a good student I am, schoolmaster.

ANDREW
(soothingly, convincingly)
My dear Milo, having failed to find her jewels amongst a lady's personal possessions -

43 Continued 43

MILO
(breaking in)
It would seem suspicious if a professional burglar played favourites?

ANDREW
(breaking in)
It would seem idiotic if he then searched for them among her husband's shirts and socks! The intelligent burglar would have moved on to the next most likely hiding place!

MILO
Which is what?

ANDREW
Finding the inevitable safe, blowing it up- and stealing the contents! Now let's get on with it -

HE starts out, leaving MILO with no recourse but to follow. MILO makes the best of it.

MILO
Right on!

He hurries after ANDREW.

SCENES 44, 45 and 46 OMITTED

47-48 INT. CORRIDOR AND GALLERY EVENING 47-48

MILO dashes across the gallery, in his big boots, and slips down the stairs, where ANDREW awaits HIM.

MILO
Frigging boots will be the death of me ...

ANDREW
They won't kill you, I promise.
(THEY continue toward and into the study)
But do keep them off the cable or you'll blow us both up.

49 INT. ANDREW'S STUDY EVENING 49

The two men enter the study. ANDREW takes up his position beside the switch into which he plugged the cable. MILO joins him.

MILO
(nervously)
What kind of a charge do you have there?

49 Continued 49

ANDREW
Enough to do the job. I learnt about explosives whilst researching "The Diary of the Dynamited Duchess." Ready? Stand-by for countdown.

MILO and ANDREW crouch down behind the desk.

ANDREW
5-4-3-2-1
(he presses the switch)
Blast off!

There is a loud explosion and the room fills with smoke. When it clears a little we see that the door of the safe is open, hanging by its hinges. MILO rises and runs towards it. Eagerly he throws out files of papers, and finally produces the jewel box.

MILO
(excited, unable to contain his greed)
I've got it! I've got it!

In his enthusiasm he shakes it violently.

ANDREW
(rising)
What the hell are you shaking it for? It's a jewel box, not a maracca.

MILO
I thought it might have some secret catch on it. It's locked, you see.

ANDREW
Well, smash it open. Jesus! You've all the killer instinct of a twenty year old Sealyham.

MILO
It's such a pretty box - it seems such a waste ...

ANDREW hands him a heavy letter opener from the desk. MILO attacks the jewel box, which after a struggle opens.

MILO
Dear God -

ANDREW
Moses looks upon the promised land ...

49 Continued 49

MILO
They're fantastic. Look at this ruby necklace.

ANDREW
I never cared for it myself. I always thought it made Marguerite look like a blood sacrifice.

MILO picks them up lovingly one by one and puts them into a soft leather draw bag which was in the jewel box.

MILO
I'd like my old dad to see these ... he had no idea what it was all about.... sitting there every night , hunched up over those watches of his, squinting his eye-sight away, and for what - to give me an education at a second-rate private school. I suppose he thought he had to do it, that he owed it to me and the brand-new Anglo-Saxon world he'd adopted. Silly old bugger.

ANDREW
(briskly)
Never thought his son would be juggling a fortune about in his fingers, eh? But touching family reminiscence does not make for progress, Milo. Let's get on with it ...

HE leads MILO out of the study as the latter pockets the jewels.

50 INT. PASSAGEWAY - EVENING 50

The two men walk down the passage.

ANDREW
Now then, we embark on phase two of the operation. This is the fun bit - the moment when the house-holder, wrenched from his dreams by the sound of the explosion, surprises his burglar. In the ensuing fight the house is sacked.

MILO stops walking.

MILO
Why is it necessary for you to surprise me at all?

ANDREW
Because if I've seen you at close quarters, I can always describe you to the police ...

MILO reacts as if hit.

ANDREW
... Wrongly.

They continue to walk.

ANDREW
(Inspector's Voice)
Did you manage to get a good look at the intruder's face, sir?
(normal voice)
Yes, Inspector I did. It may just have been a trick of the light, but his face didn't look wholly human. If you can imagine a kind of prognathic stoat, fringed about with lilac coloured hair, and seemingly covered with a sort of boot polish ...

51 INT. MAIN ROOM - EVENING 51

ANDREW and MILO enter the main room.

MILO
(impatiently)
You can write about it some other time. How much sacking do you want done?

51 Continued 51

ANDREW
A decent bit, I think. A few chairs on their backs, some china ornaments put to the sword. You know - convincing but not Carthaginian.

MILO carefully turns a chair over and leans a small table against the sofa. He takes a china ornament and stands it upright on the floor.

ANDREW
Surely you don't call that convincing.

ANDREW sweeps Venetian glass off sideboard except one piece, makes a sudden lunge at a book stand and empties the contents of a drawer onto the floor.

ANDREW
That's better. Let encyclopaedias fly like autumn leaves ... Let the contents of drawers be strewn to the four winds ...

MILO knocks over jigsaw table, scatters a magazine rack, and then throws ANDREW's entire manuscript of "Death by Double Fault" into the air from whence it descends in a mushrooming cloud.

ANDREW
Hey! That's my new mamuscript! Ah well, let my secretary sort it out ...

MILO sweeps the all white half-completed jigsaw puzzle off a table.

MILO
Enough?

ANDREW
For a starter. Now let's see what accident does to artifice. Seconds out of the ring.

MILO
What seconds? What for?

ANDREW
The "ensuing fight" - remember?

ANDREW gives MILO a sneak punch which knocks him backwards over the sofa. His fall starts a mechanical band playing. He picks himself up, bewildered.

MILO

Hey!

ANDREW

You're the underdog aren't you? You've got the support of the crowd. What more do you want?

ANDREW gives MILO another hard punch, this time in the stomach, knocking him into the fireplace. MILO bounds up, eyes blazing.

MILO

(Cockney accent)

Right chum, you've asked for this.

MILO takes a vicious swipe at ANDREW but misses, tripping over his slap-shoes.

ANDREW

(placatingly)

Steady now Milo ...

MILO

(furious)

I'll give you bloody steady ...

MILO swings again. ANDREW pulls him into a clinch and wrestles him round the room, overturning things as they go.

ANDREW

(furtively, as if not wanting the referee to hear)

Now don't get all het up, tiger. This fight is fixed. Remember it's about now that I take a dive. This is where you lay me out cold.

MILO recovers his temper with an effort. ANDREW breaks the clinch.

MILO

For real?

ANDREW

Naturally. When the police come I must be able to show them a real bump.

51 Continued 51

MILO smiles as if he can't believe his luck.

ANDREW
I thought you'd like this bit.

MILO
You're dead right. Now what shall I use?

MILO moves towards a large lamp.

ANDREW
Not my opaline if you don't mind.

MILO looks about and suddenly runs to the long basket and picks up the poker.

MILO
This is it. The poker! - the orignal blunt instrument. Right?

MILO beats the logs viciously. ANDREW eyes him apprehensively. MILO advances on ANDREW.

MILO
Now just where would you like it old pal?

ANDREW
(backing away)
Steady on Milo. Don't get carried away. We are not talking about a murder weapon.

MILO
(following)
No?

ANDREW
No! We are discussing an object from which I receive, in the classic formula, a glancing blow which will raise a lump without actually cracking the cranium.

MILO
Why don't I just keep tapping you lightly on the head with the poker - till the lump appears?

ANDREW
No, I'm afraid that won't do. I know, you can always tie me up and gag me and leave me to be found by the cleaning woman.
(Charlady's Voice)
Lawks, Mr Wyke, what are you doing all trussed up like a turkey cock?

ANDREW mimes being tied up and gagged and trying to get the Charlady to untie him.

51 Continued 51

ANDREW

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....
mmmmmmmmmm .....mmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmmmm -

(Charlady's Voice)

Trying out something for one of them creepy books of yours are you sir? Well, don't you mind me. I won't disturb you. I'll just get on with me dusting.

ANDREW dusts vigorously. MILO discards the poker.

MILO

(patiently)

Andrew, if I don't knock you out how have I managed to tie you up?

ANDREW

(normal voice)

That's a very good question ... come to think of it you could always hold a gun on me.

MILO

We professional burglars don't fancy firearms much. We're English, after all.

ANDREW

You can always conquer your "Anglo-Saxon" scruples!

(he produces a revolver from the Sailor's pocket)

Besides, you'd be using my own revolver which you'd taken from me in the struggle.

MILO

Is that loaded?

ANDREW

Naturally. What use would it be otherwise? And I think it should go off once or twice as we tussle - blowing to smithereens the usual priceless heirlooms.

MILO

Why?

ANDREW

Lending credence to my story of your holding a gun on me while you gagged me and tied me up. Agreed?

MILO

I suppose so.

51 Continued 51

ANDREW
Now then, what to sacrifice?

MILO picks up a statuette of Edgar Allan Poe inscribed MWA 1947.

MILO
What about this old codger?

ANDREW
Put that down at once! That's my Edgar Allan Poe award, given to me by the Mystery Writers of America for one of Merridew's greatest triumphs - "The Slaying of Jack Spratt" - ironically enough for one who would eat no fat, he was murdered by an injection of concentrated cholesterol.

MILO replaces the statuette. ANDREW looks about him.

ANDREW
What do you say to the demolition of that gaudy Swansea puzzle jug?

MILO
Puzzle jug?

ANDREW
Yes. To solve the puzzle pour some water out of it.

MILO attempts to pour out the water from the jug on a table into a glass, but it comes out of a hole in the back and runs down inside his outsize trousers. He stares at it.

MILO
(sourly)
Very funny.

ANDREW
Marguerite thought it clever. Which ought to tell you something about Marguerite. Let us expose its shortcomings.

ANDREW shoots and the jug shatters. MILO is left holding the handle. He turns in angry surprise.

ANDREW
You might have said good shot.

MILO
You bloody maniac. You could have killed me.

ANDREW
Tush! Not Dead-Eyed Wyke, the demon gunman of Cloak Manor. Now what next?

51 Continued 51

ANDREW looks around for his next victim. His eye falls on the remaining piece of Venetian glass standing on the sideboard on the other side of the room. Next to it is a framed photograph of Marguerite and Andrew in Venice.

MILO puts the handle of the jug on small table.

ANDREW
The last tender memento of our Venetian honeymoon. I cannot resist the temptation.

He shoots and the bullet hits the photograph of Marguerite, blowing her head off her shoulders.

ANDREW
(Western accent)
Shucks, gosh-darned, if I ain't missed the doggone critter.

MILO lifts up photo into CAMERA. A neat bullet hole through Marguerite's head.

MILO
You hit what you were aiming for alright.

ANDREW
Now Milo, don't be peevish. There's nothing like a little bit of mayhem to cheer one up. Did you ever know Charlie Begby?

MILO
You know damn well I didn't.

ANDREW
The finest shot I've ever seen. I once saw him bag six ducks with one shot when he was blind drunk. The only trouble was they were China ducks on his aunty's living room wall. And I said "but Charlie, you can't do that - it's the closed season."

ANDREW presses the switch and the Sailor guffaws.

ANDREW
I told you he always laughs at my jokes.

51 Continued 51

MILO
Even bad ones.

ANDREW switches off the Sailor.

ANDREW
True. It's not really all that funny. There's an open season on some creatures all the year round.
(he turns the gun on Milo)
Seducers and wife stealers, for example.

MILO
(nervous)
Now that's a bad Italian joke.

ANDREW
(hard)
You should know. It's your country of origin, is it not?

MILO
No. Actually, I'm English. I was born here in England.

ANDREW
Were you now - "actually?" What, in dear old cradle-of-the-parliamentary-system-who-screws-my-wife-merits-a-large-pink-gin-England?

MILO
Sense of humour-fair-play-England, I mean.

ANDREW
That's the way a foreigner talks. In private he thinks, filthy wet country, ugly red cold men, who don't know how to treat a woman.

MILO
What's brought all this on then? What are you doing with that gun?

51 Continued 51

ANDREW
Pretty obviously pointing it at you.

MILO
I can see that. But why?

ANDREW
(slowly, Italian accent)
Because I'm a gonna keel you.

MILO
You're going to ...
(laughs nervously)
Oh Jesus, here we go with another one of your games.

ANDREW
Another, no. It's the same one. We've been playing it all evening. It's called "You're Going to Die and No One Will Suspect Murder."

MILO
You mean all this steal the jewels stuff ... was just a ...

ANDREW
(nods)
I invited you here to set up the circumstances of your own death. The break-in, the disguise, the jewels in your pocket, the householder aroused, grappling with the thief, the gun going off in the struggle, and then the final fatal shot.

MILO
For God's sake, Andrew, knock it off. It ain't funny no more.

ANDREW
(Cockney)
It ain't, ain't it?
(normal voice)
Can you find a flaw in it?

51 Continued 51

MILO
(beginning to feel desperate)
Marguerite! ... The cops'll trace the connection between me and Marguerite. They'll know that's why you did it.

ANDREW
How was I expected to know who you were? Oh no, the law will have every sympathy with me. Property has always been more highly regarded in England than people. Even Marguerite will assume you were after all just an adventurer after her jewels - a petty sneak thief who in the end found larceny less burdensome than matrimony.

MILO
The way you're finding murder less burdensome than alimony.

ANDREW
Ha! Wit in the face of adversity. You've learnt something from the English. Alright, here's something else - a sporting chance. Why don't you make a run for it?

MILO
And give you the chance to shoot me down in cold blood?

ANDREW
Hot blood you mean. But I'll tell you what I'll do.
(Crossing to the newel post)
I'll close my eyes and count to twenty, slowly. That should give you a reasonable chance. Go on. Off you go.
(Hiding his face against the post, like a child playing hide-and-seek)
One ... two ... three ...

52 INT. HALLWAY EVENING 52

MILO, going as quickly as he can in his boots, runs through the hall, and tries to open the front door. Over his frantic struggle with the door handle we hear ANDREW counting, slowly, next door.

52 Continued 52

ANDREW (V. O.)
...four...five...six...seven...
eight...

The door finally opens and MILO flings the door open. He stumbles through it.

53 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DUSK 53

The CAMERA PANS with the awkwardly moving MILO as he runs toward his car which is parked some forty yards from the front door. ANDREW's voice floats out to us as he runs.

ANDREW (V. O.)
...nine...ten...eleven...twelve...
thirteen...fourteen...fifteen...

MILO gets to his car and fumbles with the door. He gets it open and then has trouble fitting his big boots into the small space provided for the accelerator clutch and brake pedals.

ANDREW (V. O.)
...sixteen...seventeen...eighteen...
nineteen...

MILO finally slams the door of the car having managed to fit himself properly into the driving seat, with his feet on the right pedals. His hand reaches towards the ignition hole. It is empty.

ANDREW (V. O.)
...twenty.

MILO starts to search his clothes frantically for the car keys. ANDREW appears suddenly at the window of the car. In one hand he holds a gun.

ANDREW
Too much reliance on the automobile is a bad thing. It merely encourages heart attacks in later life.

He holds up the car keys.

ANDREW (Cont)
You left them in your suit.

MILO collapses with a sob.

53 Continued 53

MILO
(Cockney accent even more in evidence)
Look, stop pointing that gun at me will yer ... I hate guns ... please, this is sick ...

ANDREW
You should be flattered by the honour I'm doing you - to make your death the centre-piece of an arranged bit of fun. To put it another way, your demise will have provided recreation for a noble mind.

MILO
God, this is where I came in.

ANDREW
And where you go out, I'm afraid, too. Now let's have you out of that car shall we?

ANDREW moves back to cover MILO, as he extricates himself from the car, and stands upright. ANDREW shoves the gun into his back and they start walking back towards the house.

ANDREW
Now of course the only question left to be decided is where the police shall find you. Crumpled over the croquet mallets on the lawn, do you think ...? We will obviously have to give the matter some thought.

Their voices fade as they move away from us towards the house.

53A INSERT 2ND SET OF CAR KEYS ON FLOOR OF CAR 53A

54 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM 54

We are in the main room. We hear the front door slam and ANDREW drives MILO into the room still talking. MILO is in a fair state of collapse.

ANDREW
Of course you could be lying sprawled over the desk in the study, like countless colonels in countless studies, or propped up in the log basket like a rag doll? Which do you fancy? Early Agatha Christie, or vintage S. S. Van Dine?

54 Continued 54

MILO
For Christ's sake, Andrew. You're talking of a real murder - of killing a real man. Don't you understand?

ANDREW
(impervious)
Perhaps I shouldn't do it with a gun at all. Perhaps, best of all, a real 1930's murder weapon. The mashie niblick. I've got one in my golf bag.

ANDREW moves back into the hall. MILO looks wildly around him. He sees the phone on a side table. Carefully he tiptoes towards it. Rapidly he lifts the receiver and dials nine, nine, nine. It starts to ring. Before it is answered, however, the blade of the mashie niblick descends on the receiver rest, cutting the connection. ANDREW is back. He holds the gun in one hand and the golf club in the other.

ANDREW
Dear old mashie niblick. You would be discovered in the fireplace, I think, in a fair old mess.
(dramatic voice)
The body lay on its back, its limbs grotesquely splayed, like a broken puppet. The whole head had been pulped as if by some superhuman force.
(normal voice)
Sorry, Inspector. I'm afraid I lost control of myself when I saw him handling my wife's - intimate garments...
(Inspector's voice)
"I understand, sir. No need to explain..."
(normal voice)
No. It's too elaborate.

(continue on Page 68)

54 Continued 54

ANDREW throws down the golf club.

ANDREW
I think the scene the police find is simply this. After, the fight, you flee up the stairs back to your ladder. Go on, Milo, flee.

MILO rises and goes upstairs.

ANDREW
I catch you on the landing and in the renewed struggle I shoot you. Nothing succeeds like simplicity, don't you agree, Milo?

ANDREW follows after him.

ANDREW
On the morning of his execution, King Charles the First put on two shirts. "If I tremble with cold" he said "my enemies will say it was from fear; I will not expose myself to such reproaches." You must also attempt this Anglo-Saxon dignity as you mount the steps to the scaffold.

55 INT. GALLERY - EVENING 55

MILO sinks to his knees near the top step. ANDREW passes him and stands on the gallery by the newel post.

MILO
(terrified and pleading)
Look ... I can't give anything back, can I? I mean if it hadn't been me it could have been somebody else. Please ... I'll go away - you won't never 'ear of me no more ... Why, Andrew? Why me?

ANDREW
Don't snivel.

55 Continued 55

MILO
I must know why!

ANDREW
I'm amazed you have to ask. I hate you. I hate your smarmy, good-looking face and your easy manner. I'll bet you're easy in a ski-lodge, and easy on a yacht, and easy on a beach. And I knew you'd wear a gold charm round your neck, and I bet your chest is hairy, and in summer matted with sun oil. Above all, I hate you because you're a culling blue-eyed wop - a not one of me - a creeping, hairdressing seducer of silly women, a jumped up pantry boy who doesn't know his place, and who thinks that gentlemen are made by accents and country clothes. Did you really believe I would give up my wife and jewels to you? That I would make myself that ridiculous?

MILO
Why not? You're not in love with her.

ANDREW
Whether I love her or not. I found her. I've kept her. She represents me. And once she was in love with me.

MILO
(with a show of spirit)
And now she's in love with me, and that's what you can't forgive. And after me, there'll be others. Are you going to kill them too? You're mad - a bloody madman ...

ANDREW
(deadly)
And you are a young man, dressed as a clown

55 Continued 55

ANDREW (Cont)
about to be murdered. Put the mask on, Milo.

MILO
(whimpering)
No ... no please ... don't ...

ANDREW
Put it on!

ANDREW takes the mask off the newel post and shoves it on MILO.

ANDREW
Finally at your moment of dying you are yourself - a snivelling dago clown. Farewell Punchinello!

ANDREW lifts the pistol to MILO's head. MILO is shaking with fear.

MILO
Please ...

ANDREW fires point blank into MILO's head. MILO falls backwards down the stairway, crashing to the bottom where he lies still.

56 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - EVENING 56

ANDREW walks slowly down the stairs, to the body of MILO. He peers closely to see whether there is any sign of life. Satisfied that he has done his work he straightens up and smiles to himself. He walks past the Sailor, and CAMERA notes that its eyes are closed and averted from the body.

There is a LONG SLOW FADE THROUGH to the next scene - a withdrawal of light which betokens not only time passing, but the ebb of life itself.

57 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 57

The head of the Sailor has moved, to look, once again, directly into the room. We PULL BACK to see that the room itself has been cleared of every trace of the rumpus of two days ago. The CAMERA registers this fact, noting particularly the absence of a body at the bottom of the stairs. ANDREW sits at his ease reading the Sunday Times. He wears a tweed suit and velvet monogrammed slippers.

57 Continued 57

The record player is playing a jaunty tune of the nineteen thirties. After a moment or two ANDREW gets up and walks across the main room swaying in time to the music. His walk becomes a dance as he rounds the corner into the passageway.

58 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 58

ANDREW, completely at his ease, executes a kind of conga step to the music. We round a couple of corners and find ourselves in the kitchen.

59 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT 59

The music continues here from a second speaker. ANDREW crosses to a toaster and inserts a piece of bread. He then lays himself a superb table - snowy white cloth and napkin, gleaming shot glass, silver, etc. He is in total command and at his most euphoric. He now crosses to the refrigerator from which he abstracts a jar of finest Beluga Caviare, and a bottle of Aquavit frozen into a block of ice. He puts these on the table together with a cut lemon in muslin. The toast pops up and he takes it over to the table. He cuts the toast into two halves and sits down. He then takes the lid off the caviare jar which we see to be two-thirds empty. With great care he loads one of the pieces of toast with all the caviare, down to the last possible egg, piling it up in a meticulous pyramid, then with great delicacy he measures out the lemon drops onto it, and slowly, with great relish, raises it to his mouth. Before he can pop it in, however, the phone rings. He pauses, tries to decide if he can eat and answer it, decides he can, then can't. Reluctantly he answers the phone, his caviare untouched.

ANDREW

Hullo ... Yes ... I'll accept the charge ... Hawkins, where the devil are you? ... What? Well you're a fool, man, you should have checked the times of the trains ... I've had to get my supper for the third night running ...Yes, yes, I daresay, but you know how helpless I am without you and Mrs H. Man cannot live by baked beans alone, you know. All right ... All right ... tomorrow morning then. But first thing, mind you, first thing. 'Bye.

59 Continued 59

He puts the receiver down and with a sigh, reaches for the loaded strip of toast. He is about to eat it when a bell jangles on the wall. Underneath it is written Front Door. He looks up at it, with a puzzled expression. He shrugs and is about to ignore it and eat the toast when it jangles again, with greater insistence. Furiously, he flings down the toast and strides out of the kitchen.

60 INT. PASSAGEWAY FROM KITCHEN TO MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 60

The CAMERA pursues ANDREW along the corridor as he hurries through it.

61 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 61

ANDREW crosses the living room and exits to the hallway.

62 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 62

ANDREW walks across the hallway and opens the front door. There is no one there. Puzzled, he looks outside.

63 EXT. HOUSE OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - MIST 63

The driveway is deserted and misty. ANDREW steps outside and peers cautiously about him in both directions. Grumpily he stalks back into the house and slams the front door. The CAMERA PANS down the side of the house as ANDREW makes his way back towards the kitchen.

64/65 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT 64/65

ANDREW enters the kitchen looking disgruntled. He makes for his untouched toast and caviare and is about to pick it up when the bell rings again. Exasperated, he whirls around, and sees it is a different bell - that of the kitchen door. He slams over to the door and whirls it open.

In the doorway stands INSPECTOR DOPPLER, filling it. He is a heavily built, tallish man of about fifty. His hair is balding, and he wears cheap round spectacles on his fleshy nose, above a greying moustache. His clothes - dark rumpled suit, and cardigan under a half-open light coloured mackintosh - occasion no surprise nor does his pork pie hat. He looms above ANDREW.

64/ Continued 64/
65 65

DOPPLER
Good evening, sir. I was beginning to think no one was at home.

ANDREW
Really? And who might you be?

DOPPLER
Detective Inspector Doppler, sir, of the Wiltshire County Constabulary. I'm sorry ... to be calling so late but I need to have a few words with you on a very important matter.

ANDREW
Then you'd better come inside.

DOPPLER enters and ANDREW closes the door.

ANDREW
The Wiltshire County Constabulary, you say?

DOPPLER
That's right, sir. I'm based in Salisbury normally, but your local man here asked me to pop over and give him a hand.

ANDREW turns off the speaker. The music continues to be heard from the living room.

DOPPLER
(about the music)
Ah, those were the days, sir. Tunes you could hum.

(continued on page 74)

64/65 Continued 64/65

ANDREW
It was a time for humming. Would you care for an aquavit, Inspector?

DOPPLER
No thank you, I've had my supper.

ANDREW
Then how about a brandy? Or are you going to tell me you don't drink on duty?

DOPPLER
Oh no, sir. I can't afford to in my own time. I always drink on duty.

DOPPLER indicates the caviare jar, and then the caviare itself, obviously seeing it for the first time.

DOPPLER
Caviare. So that's what it looks like. I've often wondered.

HE bites into the toast and caviare, which ANDREW has so lovingly prepared, and chomps on it reflectively. ANDREW watches him, scandalized.

DOPPLER
Can't say I care for it all that much, sir. Tastes like fish eggs.

ANDREW
Then do let me take that nasty taste away, Inspector, with some V.S.O.P.

ANDREW starts out of the kitchen, followed by DOPPLER.

DOPPLER
(as they go)
V.S.O.P., sir?

ANDREW
An antidote for caviare ....

66 INT. PASSAGEWAY LEADING TO THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 66

ANDREW leads DOPPLER through the passageway. DOPPLER looks about him with great curiosity, noting the array of games.

DOPPLER
These old antiques look very interesting, sir. You have quite a collection of toys.

66 Continued 66

ANDREW
(correcting him)
Games, Inspector. And they all work.

DOPPLER
I wouldn't have thought there was much point in having them, sir, if they didn't.

67 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM NIGHT 67

ANDREW and DOPPLER come into the room. DOPPLER looks about him with great curiosity, as ANDREW pours his guest a brandy, emptying the bottle in the process. He hands him the glass, then turns off the music. The song has been "Anything Goes". DOPPLER has crossed to stare down at the white jig-saw puzzle, now completed.

ANDREW
(drily)
And now, as the cliche has it, "What can I do for you," Inspector?

DOPPLER
I'm investigating a disappearance, sir. Of a Mr. Milo Tindle. Do you know him?

ANDREW
Vaguely.

DOPPLER
He walked out of his cottage late on Friday afternoon and hasn't been seen since.

ANDREW
Really? I'm afraid I have very little interest in the migratory habits of hairdressers ...

DOPPLER
So, you do know the gentleman, sir?

ANDREW
I know his profession. I think my wife has mentioned he had a shop in London.

DOPPLER
And when did you last see Mr. Tindle?

ANDREW
Oh, months ago. I'd have no reason to remember, exactly.

DOPPLER
Really, sir? That doesn't quite accord with our information. Could you put some water in this brandy for me please, sir?
(holding out HIS drink. ANDREW does so)
In fact two nights ago he told Jack Benn, the licensee of the White Lion, he was on his way to see you.

ANDREW
Barmen are notorious opponents of exactitude, Inspector. Vinous gossip is their stock in trade.

DOPPLER
Vinous. Pertaining to wine, I assume ...
(HE pulls out a large notebook and consults it)
Then, I was wondering if you could correct something else for me.

ANDREW
What's that?

DOPPLER
The impression gained by a man who happened to be passing your house on Friday night that shots were fired in here.

ANDREW
Shots?

67

DOPPLER
Three, our man thinks.

ANDREW
A car backfiring?

DOPPLER
No, sir. I'm afraid that sort of confusion only takes place in, saving your presence, detective stories. These were shots. From a gun. Our man is positive.

ANDREW
I see. May I ask why you took two days to call round and ask me about all this?

DOPPLER
Well, sir, things take longer to check out than you think. The local man wanted to be certain of his facts before calling me in, and before troubling a gentleman like yourself.

ANDREW
Facts? What facts?

DOPPLER
After our informant reported the incident we thought we'd better have a word with Mr Tindle, and see if he could throw any light on the subject.

ANDREW
And could he?

DOPPLER
He wasn't at his cottage all of Saturday, nor all today. We must have called half a dozen times.

ANDREW
By jove, Merridew would have been proud of you.

67 Continued 67

DOPPLER
Ah, your detective! That's praise, indeed, sir. I'm a great fan of his Lordship.

ANDREW
Really? You must tell me which one is your favourite. I myself have always had a special affection for the Case of the Crucified Countess ...

DOPPLER
(relentlessly breaking in)
When we stopped inside Mr. Tindle's cottage to make sure he'd come to no harm, we found this note, sir.
(reading note he produces from his wallet)
"Urgent we talk. Come Friday evening, about six-thirty, Wyke." May I ask whether this is your handwriting, sir?

DOPPLER shows him the note. ANDREW tries to retain it, but at the last second DOPPLER takes it back.

ANDREW
Yes. It's mine alright.

DOPPLER
So, Mr. Tindle was here?

ANDREW
He was.

DOPPLER
And was there an incident here two nights ago as a result of which shots were fired?

ANDREW
Well ... in a manner of speaking, yes. It was a game we were playing.

DOPPLER
A game? What kind of game?

ANDREW
It's rather difficult to explain. It's called Burglary.

DOPPLER
Burglary is not a game, sir.

ANDREW
Isn't it about time you told me "I don't know the seriousness of my position?"

DOPPLER
A man comes here. Shots are heard. He disappears. What would you make of that, if you were me?

ANDREW
"An open and shut case". But things are not always what they seem, Inspector. In "The Mystery of the Drowned Dummy", St. John Lord Merridew proved -

DOPPLER
(cuts in)
I am waiting for an explanation, sir.

ANDREW
(patiently)
Tindle arrived at about six-thirty and left about an hour and a half later. I haven't seen him since.

DOPPLER
And nor has anyone else, sir.

ANDREW
(laughs)
This is absurd. Are you suggesting that I killed Tindle?

DOPPLER
Killed Tindle, sir. I never mentioned the word kill.

67 Continued 67

ANDREW
Oh really! You can't pull that old one on me.
(mimicking an Inspector's voice)
Garotted, sir? Might I ask how you knew her Ladyship was garotted?
(normal voice)
Surely you told me so, Inspector?
(an Inspector's voice)
No, sir. I never mentioned the word garotted.

DOPPLER
I'm sorry you find us so comic, sir. On the whole, what we do is necessary.

ANDREW
(normal voice)
You're "just doing your job", - that's the overworked phrase, isn't it?

DOPPLER
Possibly, sir. Very possibly overworked ...

HE consults his notes ponderously.

DOPPLER
Your wife and Mr. Tindle have been associating closely for some time.

ANDREW
I thought you'd know about that.
(an Inspector's Voice)
"You can't keep anything quiet in a small village".

DOPPLER
Perfectly true, sir.

ANDREW
You aren't suggesting a crime of passion, I hope, Inspector - not over Marguerite. It would be like knifing somebody for a tablespoonful of cold rice pudding.

67 Continued 67

DOPPLER
I'm very partial to rice pudding, sir. I find it a great standby.

ANDREW
(oratorically)
"All of you had either means, motive or opportunity," said Inspector Doppler, as he thoughtfully digested another spoonful of his favourite pud. "But only one of you had all three."

DOPPLER
Exactly so, sir! That person is you.

ANDREW
(sighing)
I suppose I'd better tell you what happened.

DOPPLER
It would be helpful, sir.

ANDREW
(moves to drinks table)
Would another drink help you to believe it?

DOPPLER
I'll have another drink, sir. But the bottle seems to be empty.

ANDREW picks up empty brandy bottle.

ANDREW
Quite right, Inspector. That, too, can be corrected. Will you follow me?

Abruptly, he leaves the room. DOPPLER follows.

68 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 68

The two men walk down the passage. ANDREW briskly, the Inspector at his shoulder.

ANDREW
As you seem to know, Tindle was having an affair with my wife. Now, I'm one of that rare breed of men who genuinely don't mind losing gracefully to a gentleman who's

68 Continued 68

ANDREW (Contd.)
playing the game by the same rules. But to be worsted by a flash, crypto Italian lover-boy who mistakes my boredom for inadequacy is altogether too much.

ANDREW pauses to open the door which leads down to the cellar.

DOPPLER
You mean you couldn't bring yourself to accept the situation, sir. Is that what you're saying?

ANDREW
I mean it was a situation I refused to accept, Inspector.

69/71 INT. CELLAR NIGHT 69/71

ANDREW ushers DOPPLER, a step or two below HIM, down the stairs. THEY speak as THEY descend.

DOPPLER
Playing the game is important to you, sir, isn't it?

ANDREW
Playing the game, and games playing. Yes.

DOPPLER
I'm not quite sure I see the difference, sir.

ANDREW
It's perfectly simple, Inspector. Playing the game is what every gentleman does. The playing of particular games is my special passion - in a way, my whole life.

At the bottom, ANDREW moves ahead of DOPPLER to open the iron gate, light the gas lamp and cross directly to the wine storage. DOPPLER follows, coming to a halt by the 'skeleton-trunk'. ANDREW gets out two bottles of cognac.

DOPPLER
That sounds a bit sad to me, sir. Like a child not growing up.

ANDREW
What's so sad about a child playing, eh?

DOPPLER
Nothing, sir - if you're a child.

ANDREW opens one of the bottles, pours two glasses, and brings one to DOPPLER during the ensuing:

69/ Continued 69/
71 71

ANDREW
Let me tell you, Inspector, I have played games of such complexity that Jung and Einstein would have been honoured to have been asked to participate in them. Games of construction and games of destruction. Games of deductive logic, inducive logic, semantics, hypnosis, and prestidigitation. I have achieved leaps of the mind and leaps of the psyche unknown to ordinary human relationships. And I've had a great deal of not wholly innocent fun.

HE lifts his glass and drinks. INSERT as ANDREW's foot presses the 'skeleton' release button. IT pops up at DOPPLER who eyes it impassively. HE sips his drink.

DOPPLER
Is there nothing you would not consider a game, sir? ... Duty? Work? ... Even marriage?

ANDREW
Oh, please, Inspector, don't include marriage. Sex. Sex is the game, and marriage the penalty.

ANDREW crosses back to pick up the two bottles of cognac. Returning, HE hands one bottle to DOPPLER, continues on toward the stairs with the other.

ANDREW
Round and round we jog towards each futile anniversary. Pass go. Collect two hundred rows, two hundred silences, two hundred scars in the deep places. It's just as well that I don't lack for extracurricular amorous adventure..

DOPPLER follows, crossing by way of the dressing-up basket.

DOPPLER
Are you saying, sir, that because of your indifference to your wife, you had no motive for killing Mr. Tindle?

ANDREW
(from the steps)
I'm simply saying that in common with most men, I want to have my cookie and ignore it. That's rather witty, I think.

Another sip at his drink. DOPPLER tosses his own drink down, pauses to stare at the dressing-up basket. Then over at ANDREW.

DOPPLER
What have we here, sir?

69/71 Continued 69/71

ANDREW
Just an old dressing up basket, that's all.

DOPPLER
A traditional place of concealment, I'm sure you'll agree.

HE throws the basket open and pokes about inside, revealing as he does so the costumes we have seen previously, with the exception of the clown costume.

ANDREW
Only for the identity, Inspector. In a game. Shall we go?

DOPPLER closes the basket and joins ANDREW. THEY start up the stairs, ANDREW a step or two ahead.

ANDREW
Anyway, I thought I'd teach young master Tindle a lesson for his presumption - test his mettle, as it were. You may not agree, Inspector, but take it from me, the shortest way to a man's heart is through humiliation. You soon find out what he's made of.

DOPPLER
And how did you plan to go about this humiliation, sir?

ANDREW
To begin with, by convincing him that as my wife had expensive tastes, and he was virtually a pauper, he could solve that problem by stealing some valuable jewellery which I had in my safe.

72 INT. PASSAGEWAY NIGHT 72

At the top of the stairs, ANDREW walks down the passageway and turns into his study. DOPPLER follows.

DOPPLER
And Mr. Tindle agreed to join you in this criminal undertaking?

73 INT. STUDY NIGHT 73

ANDREW enters followed by DOPPLER.

ANDREW
With alacrity. I further persuaded him to get out of his clothes, and wear a disguise. Appropriately enough, he chose - out of that basket you examined - the costume of a clown. In that ludicrous outfit, he broke into the house and blew open my safe.
(indicating)
The jewels were in that box.

73 Continued 73

DOPPLER eyes the jewel box on the desk. HE moves to pick it up with a handkerchief. ANDREW hands him a paperknife to open it with but DOPPLER finds the secret catch. The box is empty.

DOPPLER
Where are they now, sir?

ANDREW
I put them in the bank yesterday.

DOPPLER
On a Saturday?

ANDREW
Yes, Inspector, on a Saturday. I drove over to Salisbury and put them in the night safe. I felt they'd be better off there. I mean, anyone could break into the house and steal them.

DOPPLER
How provident, sir. May I ask what happened after you blew open the safe?

ANDREW
Tindle pocketed the jewels, we struggled convincingly round the house as part of the game, and he was about to make off, when I turned nasty and revealed the true purpose of the evening. This, of course was, that I had manoeuvred him into a position where, by pretending to mistake him for a burglar, I could legitimately shoot him. By the time the police arrived, I would be standing in my striped Viyella pyjamas - an innocent, bewildered and aggrieved British property owner.

DOPPLER
What was Mr. Tindle's reaction when you revealed your intentions?

73 Continued 73

ANDREW
Electrifying! He swallowed my story hook line and sinker. He fell on his knees, and pleaded for his life, but I was implacable. I put the gun against his head, and shot him - with a blank cartridge.

DOPPLER looks at ANDREW, thunderstruck.

DOPPLER
You shot Mr Tindle with a blank cartridge?

ANDREW
Yes. He fainted dead away. My game was over. It was a most gratifying win.

DOPPLER
(in disbelief)
You actually put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger? As a game?

ANDREW
Call it his initiation test if you like. He came here, smiling in his new country clothes, aping the gentry, hoping for acceptance. But he had to be taught, you don't join - just like that. There's breeding and the quality that breeding brings - and that simply can not be acquired. Of course, he failed the test abysmally.

He offers DOPPLER open cigar box.

DOPPLER
No, thank you, sir. He may well have done, sir, but he must also have been put in fear of his life. Such irresponsible action invites a grave charge of assault.

ANDREW
Well, I suppose that's marginally better than the murder charge you were contemplating a few minutes ago.

DOPPLER
I still am contemplating it, sir.

73 Continued 73

ANDREW
Oh come now, Inspector. I've told you what happened. After a few minutes, Tindle recovered his senses, realized shrewdly that he wasn't dead after all, and in due course lurched off home.

ANDREW laughs. Picks up cognac from table.

DOPPLER
I'm sorry you appear to find all this so funny, Mr. Wyke. We may not take quite the same attitude.

DOPPLER leaves the study, followed by ANDREW carrying cognac.

74 INT. PASSAGEWAY NIGHT 74

ANDREW follows DOPPLER down the passage.

ANDREW
Look, why don't you see this from my point of view. In a sense, Tindle was a burglar. He was stealing my wife.

DOPPLER
Which justified your torturing - and then murdering him?

ANDREW
Of course not! Don't you see, it was a game - just a bloody game?

DOPPLER
Bloody, indeed, sir.

(continue on page 89)

74 Continued 74

ANDREW
I achieved what I set out to do - and that was all!

DOPPLER
You may well have achieved murder, sir.

ANDREW
No!

DOPPLER
I believe so, sir.

ANDREW
No! I've told you everything that happened.

75 INT. MAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 75

DOPPLER leads the way into the living room, almost pursued by ANDREW.

DOPPLER
Would you mind if I had a look round?

ANDREW
Crawl about the floor on all fours, if you like. Get out your envelope and imprison hairs. Gather ye blunt instruments while ye may.

A FULL HIGH SHOT as DOPPLER starts to examine the room.

ANDREW watches him, a coolly amused expression on his face.

ANDREW
Now I ask myself if I wanted to conceal Tindle's body, where would I put it?
... In the cellar? ... Too traditional!
... In the water tank? ... Too polluting!
... In the linen chest? ... Too aromatic!
... In the furnace? ... Too residual! ...

Finally DOPPLER's eye falls on the figure of the Laughing Sailor. Slowly he walks towards it and stares at it thoughtfully. We CUT to a CLOSE UP SHOT to see DOPPLER and the Sailor profile to profile.

75 Continued 75

ANDREW (V.O.)
In the Sailor? ...

The Sailor cackles suddenly. DOPPLER jumps in surprise.

DOPPLER
Very amusing, sir. May I ask you how you did that?

ANDREW
No. Jolly Jack and I have our little secrets.

DOPPLER
Well then, may I ask how you made those holes in the walls? One over there, and this one over here? They look like bullet holes to me.

ANDREW
(slowly)
Quite right, Inspector, so they are.

DOPPLER
I understood you to say, sir, that you used a blank.

ANDREW
Two live bullets to set up the trick. One blank to complete it. I had to persuade Tindle I was in earnest. There's no point in playing a game, unless you play it to the hilt.

DOPPLER makes a laborious note.

DOPPLER
I see, sir. One blank. Now I'd like you to show me just where Mr Tindle was, when you killed him.

ANDREW
Pretended to kill him, you mean.

DOPPLER
Quite so, sir. Show me please exactly where he was when the bullet hit him.

75 Continued 75

ANDREW
I keep telling you, there wasn't a real bullet.

DOPPLER
So you do, sir. So you do. Very well, show me where he was when the blank cartridge was fired.

ANDREW mounts the staircase and takes up the position where MILO was standing when he was shot. DOPPLER follows.

ANDREW
He was standing, or I should say kneeling, or more accurately cowering, here. He fainted and fell right down the staircase, floppetty, floppetty bang.

DOPPLER passes ANDREW on the staircase.

DOPPLER
About here, you say, sir?

ANDREW
No. A couple of stairs down.

DOPPLER descends the stairs.

ANDREW
That's it.

DOPPLER
Were you close to Mr Tindle when you fired the gun?

ANDREW
Very. I was standing over him in fact, with the gun pressed against his head. It was the actual feel of the gun coupled with the noise of the explosion that did the trick.

DOPPLER examines the staircase minutely. ANDREW watches him for a while then shrugs and descends to the main room. He takes a magnifying glass from a small side table, and offers it up to DOPPLER now crouched on hands and knees.

75 Continued 75

ANDREW
The traditional tool of your trade, Inspector?

DOPPLER ignores him. The CAMERA TRACKS into a CLOSE UP as he rubs his fingers on the banisters, then wipes them on a handkerchief. We see that this action leaves a dull brown smear. He looks up and stares speculatively at ANDREW.

DOPPLER
Joke blood, sir?

There is a pause as ANDREW digests the question.

ANDREW
I'm not quite sure I follow, Inspector.

DOPPLER
This here in the joints of the banisters - and under the carpeting. It's dried blood.

ANDREW
Blood? Where?

Warily ANDREW crosses to the stairs. He examines the banisters and slowly straightens up. His expression is confused and fearful. He stretches out a shaky hand.

DOPPLER
Don't touch it!

DOPPLER produces an envelope and a pen knife. He scrapes a little of the blood off the banister and puts it into the envelope.

DOPPLER
Yes. That's dried blood, alright ... And here's some more. Someone's been rubbing at the carpet. Do you see, sir? There, deep in the pile - that's blood, sir.

He rubs the carpet vigorously with his fingers.

DOPPLER
Hm ... still damp. Will you explain how it got there, sir?

75 Continued 75

ANDREW
I have no idea. Tindle wasn't ... You must believe me!

DOPPLER
Why should I, sir?

ANDREW
Because, it's impossible. It was only a game!

DOPPLER
(sternly)
With real bullets, and real blood? Isn't it about time we stopped talking about games, sir!

ANDREW suddenly runs up the stairs to the gallery.

76 INT. GALLERY NIGHT 76

ANDREW points dramatically to the broken window pane.

ANDREW
Look at the window! Here's the pane of glass he cut out in order to break in ... down there you can see the imprint of the ladder in the flowerbed, and of the size twenty-eight boots he was wearing, or whatever the damned things were ... I can show you ...

77 INT. MAIN ROOM NIGHT 77

DOPPLER
(breaking in)
Thank you sir, but over the years my eyes have been adequately trained to see things for themselves.

78 INT. GALLERY NIGHT 78

ANDREW
I'm sure they have, Inspector. I'm just pointing out a few facts which would help substantiate my story. Like ...

78 Continued 78

ANDREW descends the stairs.

ANDREW
... like the blown safe I showed you in the study ...

79 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 79

ANDREW (Cont)
... and like ... like the dressing up basket you saw in the cellar.

DOPPLER
You say Mr Tindle was disguised as a clown. But I saw no such costume in that basket.

ANDREW stares at him. DOPPLER turns to look out of the window, over the garden.

DOPPLER (Cont)
Nor have you pointed out that mound of earth in the garden, have you, sir?

ANDREW turns wildly and half runs to the window. He stares out desperately into the moonlit garden.

ANDREW
Mound of earth? What mound of earth?

DOPPLER
Over there - by the far wall. In the shadow of that Cedar tree.

ANDREW
I can't see anything.

DOPPLER
It's there, alright. I saw it before I rang your bell. Perhaps we'd better go take a look. Together, sir.

DOPPLER leads the way into the passageway, walking with sudden decisive movement. ANDREW pads cautiously in the rear.

80 INT. PASSAGEWAY NIGHT 80

The two men walk down the passageway. Eventually, they turn into the kitchen.

81 INT. THE KITCHEN NIGHT 81

DOPPLER walks through the kitchen, throws open the door, and moves out into the garden. ANDREW follows.

82 EXT. KITCHEN ENTRANCE NIGHT 82

DOPPLER in the lead, the two men walk away from the house. The moonlight projects long shadows, lending to their journey an air of the sinister and the bizarre.

Suddenly DOPPLER points down the walk towards the boundary wall. The CAMERA ZOOMS into a CLOSE UP of a mound of earth shaped like a grave, which stands under a spreading tree.

83 EXT. GRAVE IN GARDEN NIGHT 83

The CAMERA is low, at earth level. The two men walk into shot, and stare down at it.

DOPPLER
Here we are, sir. Would you say it had been freshly dug?

ANDREW
How the hell should I know? Probably something the gardener's been doing. Ask him yourself. You'll probably find him maundering about somewhere, aching for an opportunity to slander his employer. They all do.

DOPPLER kneels down and starts examining the grave keenly. HE turns over a few pieces of earth, thoughtfully.

(continue on page 96)

83 Continued 83

DOPPLER
For my part, I've always found that gardeners make excellent witnesses. They're slow, they're methodical, they're positive.

ANDREW
Inspector, I've had just about enough of this farce. Instead of kneeling there caressing dirt, why don't you dig the damned thing up.

DOPPLER rises, creakingly. He smiles, knowingly.

DOPPLER
Oh, we shall, sir, all in good time.

ANDREW
(persuasive)
Look, do you really think that I'd be fool enough to bury Tindle out here in the garden and leave all the newly turned earth for everyone to find?

DOPPLER turns and taking ANDREW's arm, sets off for the house.

DOPPLER
If you weren't expecting us, sir, yes. In a couple of weeks, with some bulbs, or a little grass seed, it would be difficult to tell it had ever been disturbed. We in the police know just how fond murderers are of their back gardens.

ANDREW
You're nearer a killer's heart in the garden than anywhere else on earth, eh?

DOPPLER
Excepting the bedroom, sir. I think you'll find that's still the favourite.

The two men walk away into the moonlight, and disappear from our sight.

The CAMERA PANS away in a CLOSE UP of MILO's car mostly covered by a tarpaulin, hidden in the bushes. It faces away from the house.

84/ INT. MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 84/
85 POV EXTERIOR 85

A light goes on in the room. ANDREW and DOPPLER enter. The detective looks about him and moves to open the wardrobe.

86 INT. MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 86

We CUT inside to hear the conversation between DOPPLER and ANDREW, as the wardrobe door swings open to reveal that it is half empty. A quantity of clothes hangers attest the one time presence of other garments.

DOPPLER
There doesn't seem to have been much of a struggle in here, sir.

He crosses to the dressing table and opens a couple of drawers. They are half empty.

ANDREW
Actually, we spared Marguerite's bedroom, Inspector. I like to think that chivalry is alive and well and living here at Cloak Manor.

DOPPLER
Is that so, sir? Then I wonder if you could explain why the dustbins at the back of your house are filled with torn female clothing.

ANDREW
(discomforted)
Well perhaps there were a few moments of the simulated struggle in here. Now I come to think of it, we did tear up some of her things.

DOPPLER sees a reflection of the broken silver mirror under the bed, in the mirror. He turns, stoops and retrieves it.

DOPPLER
Funny place to put a broken mirror.

ANDREW
I must have overlooked it, while tidying up the house.

86 Continued 86

DOPPLER
I thought you said it was a simulated struggle, sir.

ANDREW
So it was.

DOPPLER
This is rather a valuable object to destroy as a joke isn't it?

ANDREW
I suppose so. In games playing, there are often casualties, Inspector.

DOPPLER
Of course sir. Part of the sport, I daresay.

DOPPLER puts the mirror down. Attracted by a dripping sound, he walks into the bathroom.

87 INT. MARGUERITE'S BATHROOM NIGHT 87

DOPPLER enters the bathroom and looks about him. ANDREW watches anxiously. He is suddenly arrested by the drawn shower curtain above the bath. The shape of a body is dimly discernible behind it. HE approaches it slowly. In a gap between the end of the shower curtain and the wall we are able to see into the bath. A thin red line of liquid leads to the plughole. With a sudden violent movement DOPPLER pulls back the curtain revealing the clown costume hanging on a line to dry. The big red flower has stained the water running down to the plughole.

DOPPLER
You told me that Mr. Tindle stripped off the other night to disguise himself as a clown. You subsequently found it necessary to launder the costume?

(continue on page 99)

87 Continued 87

ANDREW stares at the costume.

ANDREW
I tossed it into the basket in the cellar! I do not do washing! I have no idea how it got here!

DOPPLER
Quite.
(making a note)
Funny thing, sir. Shower curtains always remind me of that film ... now what was it called?

ANDREW
I'm afraid I never go to the cinema.

DOPPLER
Mrs. D. and I, on the other hand, never miss a good thriller.
(stowing away his note-book)
And your bedroom, sir?

ANDREW
(with ill grace)
Straight across the gallery. But you needn't bother about it. There's nothing to be seen in there.

DOPPLER
I think I'll take a look all the same, sir.

HE starts out, followed by the reluctant ANDREW. They are lost to view as the CAMERA HOLDS ON the faded flower of the clown's costume.

SCENES 88 and 89 OMITTED.

90 INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 90

DOPPLER sniffs about for a few moments, noting the photographs of Andrew and the book jackets hanging on the walls.

DOPPLER
No mistaking whose room this is - eh, sir?

He throws open the bathroom door and enters.

91 INT. ANDREW'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 91
DOPPLER'S POV

No shower. An elaborate bathtub.

ANDREW
My wife showers. I bathe.

DOPPLER returns to bedroom.

92 INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 92

Casually DOPPLER looks under the bed, opens a chest of drawers, then finally goes to the wardrobe. He fingers some suits admiringly. He half closes it again, then does a double take and flings it wide. In the bottom of the wardrobe lie the pile of Milo's clothes which we have seen ANDREW throw there.

DOPPLER
Tch! Tch! Tch! Clothing, all screwed up on the floor of your wardrobe. That's not like you, sir.

He picks up a shirt and unfolds it. We CUT to a CLOSE UP of the monogram I. W.

DOPPLER
That's an interesting monogram. I. W. ... or have I got it the wrong way?

He reverses the shirt, We now see the monogram M. T.

DOPPLER
M. T.

He looks significantly at ANDREW.

92 Continued 92

ANDREW
Let me see that.

ANDREW seizes the shirt and looks at it in disbelief. DOPPLER reaches into the wardrobe and takes out a jacket. He turns out the inside pocket. We see the maker's label in CLOSE UP.

DOPPLER
(reading)
Made by Owen and Tancready of Percy Street on the 12th of November 1972, for Mr Milo Tindle.

DOPPLER folds the clothes neatly on the bed, and turns to face ANDREW.

DOPPLER
Tell me something, sir. When Mr Tindle lurched off, as you put it, did he lurch naked?

ANDREW sits down heavily on the same bed, and shakes his head.

DOPPLER
And did he subsequently lurch naked through the streets of the village?

ANDREW
He changed back before he left - into these clothes.

DOPPLER
Do you still maintain that Mr Tindle changed into the clown costume in the cellar?

ANDREW
Yes.

DOPPLER
Another part of the humiliation process I suppose. Then someone must have carried his clothes up from the cellar and put them in this wardrobe.

ANDREW
I did.

92 Continued 92

DOPPLER
Why?

ANDREW
I.... I thought they'd be better off in a wardrobe than in a dusty cellar.

DOPPLER
All tangled up on the floor of the wardrobe? Why?

ANDREW
Because I knew it wouldn't be long before he'd be putting them on again! It's all so baffling ...

DOPPLER
Not at all, sir. You threw those clothes onto the floor of the wardrobe because you knew Mr. Tindle wouldn't be needing them again. Ever. That's right sir, isn't it?

ANDREW wearily rests his face in his hands.

ANDREW
He changed back, and wore them when he left here.

DOPPLER
I think you started this exactly as you say you did, as a game, in order to play a diabolical trick on Mr. Tindle, but that it went wrong. Your third shot was not a blank as you had supposed, but was, in fact, a live bullet which killed Mr. Tindle stone dead, spattering his blood on the banisters in the process. When you realised what you'd done you simply panicked, like a thousand murderers before you, and buried the corpse in the garden. It was silly of you not to wash the blood properly off the banisters, and burn his clothes -

ANDREW
I swear Tindle left here alive!

92 Continued 92

DOPPLER
I don't believe it.

ANDREW
I didn't murder him!

DOPPLER
I accept that. As I said I think it happened by accident. Quite probably a charge of manslaughter, sir.

ANDREW
Look. There's only one way of settling this. If you think Tindle's in the garden, let's go and dig him up! Come on.

DOPPLER
We don't need to find him, sir. Recent decisions have relieved the prosecution of producing the corpus delicti. If Mr. Tindle is not under that newly turned earth it will merely go to indicate that in your panic, you first thought of putting him there, then changed your mind and buried him somewhere else.

ANDREW
Where?

DOPPLER
It's unimportant. He'll turn up sooner or later. And if he doesn't, it scarcely matters. We have your note summoning Mr. Tindle here. Shots were heard, bullet holes made. Blood is on the bannisters and carpet. His clothes

(continue on page 104)

92 Continued 92

DOPPLER (Cont)
were hidden in your wardrobe. He has disappeared. Who needs a body.
(pause)
Sir?

ANDREW is speechless. DOPPLER closes his notebook and moves towards him.

DOPPLER
Come along then. It's time to go.

ANDREW
(a cry)
No!

DOPPLER
I'm afraid I must insist, sir! There's a police car at the end of the drive.

ANDREW
I don't care if you've got a fleet of police cars out there. I'm not going.

ANDREW dodges suddenly round DOPPLER and runs from the room. DOPPLER goes after him.

93 INT. MAIN ROOM AND GALLERY - NIGHT 93

The CAMERA is in the main room, looking up at the gallery. ANDREW runs across the gallery followed by DOPPLER. He scampers down the staircase, and makes for the front door. DOPPLER blows a whistle.

94 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 94

ANDREW hears the police whistle, and doubles back into the main room.

95 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 95

ANDREW runs straight into the arms of DOPPLER.

DOPPLER
Now let's have no trouble, sir. Please don't make it difficult.

95 Continued 95

They start to struggle. DOPPLER throws a full nelson on ANDREW and wrestles him to his knees. DOPPLER is behind ANDREW and above him, both facing the same way.

ANDREW
Christ! You're hurting my arms.

DOPPLER
You leave me no alternative, sir.
If you'll just come quietly...

ANDREW
(wildly)
I must see a lawyer. It's my right.

ANDREW struggles to get to his phone.

DOPPLER
We can make a call from the station, sir.
We wouldn't want to do anything unconstitutional. Come on, sir. Don't despair. You may get off with as little as seven years.

ANDREW
(horrified)
Seven years!

DOPPLER
Seven years to regret playing silly games that go wrong.

ANDREW
(bitterly)
Spare me the sermon if you don't mind.
It didn't go wrong. It went absolutely right.
You've trapped me somehow.

The CAMERA stays on DOPPLER from this point.

DOPPLER
Yes, sir. You see we real life detectives aren't as stupid as we are sometimes portrayed by writers like yourself. We may not have our monocles or orchid houses, our shovel hats or deer stalkers, but we tend to be reasonably effective for all that.

95 Continued 95

ANDREW continues to struggle.

ANDREW
You seem to know a hell of a lot about detective stories, Inspector.

DOPPLER
Yes, sir. I've read quite a few in my time.
(slowly in his moment of triumph)
In fact in recent years I have come to believe that the detective story is the normal recreation of noble minds - sir.

ANDREW
What or who the hell are you?

DOPPLER still over ANDREW, and thus unseen by him, starts to peel off his diguise.

DOPPLER
Detective Inspector Doppler, sir. It is spelt like Dopple, which, as I'm sure you know, means double in German - And of course for those whose minds run to these things it is virtually an anagram on the word Plodder. Inspector Plodder becomes Inspector Doppler, if you see what I mean, sir.

MILO gets off ANDREW thus releasing him. ANDREW whirls to look at him.

ANDREW
(a shriek)
Milo!

MILO
(normal voice)
The same.

MILO, having peeled off his facial disguise which includes apart from elaborate face and hair make-up - wig, false nose, glasses, cheek padding and moustache, now starts to get rid of a great deal of body padding and elevator shoes which have had the effect of making him so much taller than ANDREW.

95 Continued 95

ANDREW
You shit!

MILO
Grazie Mille.
(he moves up to get Sailor switch from chair by flowers)
You all time knock down, champion bastard Milo!

ANDREW
You're too kind.

ANDREW pauses and laughs shakily.

ANDREW
Mind you, I'm not saying it wasn't well done. It was - extremely. It was absolutely brilliant.

MILO
Ta ever so.

ANDREW pours himself a much needed drink.

MILO
(sarcastically)
Do have a drink my dear Milo.

ANDREW
(glumly)
I'm sorry. Please help yourself.

MILO
Let me wash up first. I'm covered in make-up and spirit gum.

ANDREW
Of course. Use the kitchen.

MILO
I prefer the master bathroom.
(he indicates Sailor who laughs)
Now he thinks I'm funny too.

MILO throws switch onto chair and runs upstairs as ANDREW, hand quivering, raises his drink to his lips.

95 Continued 95

ANDREW
(glumly)
Cheers...

96 INT. GALLERY - NIGHT 96

MILO leans over the gallery and looks derisively down at ANDREW.

MILO
Your good health.

He runs cockily into ANDREW's bedroom.

97 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 97

ANDREW leans weakly against a pillar. He is obviously deeply humiliated. After a moment or two he takes a grip on himself with a supreme effort, and takes a thoughtful pull at his drink.

ANDREW
(shouting upstairs)
Yes, I must say, Milo, I congratulate you. It was first class. You really had me going there for a while.

98 INT. ANDREW'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 98

MILO stripped to the waist stands washing. He pauses and smiles savagely. Throughout, he uses all Andrew's best towels, covering them with make-up.

MILO
(shouting)
For a while?

99 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 99

ANDREW grimaces with rage.

ANDREW
It was quite a while I concede. But I had my suspicions towards the end. You did go on a bit too long, I thought ...

He starts to walk up the stairs chuckling self-consciously, hoping that MILO will laugh too.

100 INT. ANDREW'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 100

MILO is still standing at the washbasin, listening to ANDREW.

MILO
(shouting)
I was giving you one of your English upper-class sporting chances.

He resumes washing and vandalizing vigorously. After a few moments ANDREW appears in the doorway. MILO looks up and sees him in the shaving mirror, looking bleakly at the pile of soiled towels on the floor.

ANDREW
(keeping his temper)
And what did you think of my performance? The anguish of an innocent man trapped by circumstantial evidence?

MILO
It wasn't a performance.

ANDREW
Of course it was, and it had to be convincing. Apparently I succeeded.

MILO
(coldly)
You just don't know how to lose, at all do you Andrew? All that crap you told Doppler about the gentry losing gracefully. Jesus!

He snorts pityingly then takes the last clean towel and dries himself, thoroughly.

ANDREW
(fulsomely trying to atone for his lie)
I've already told you, you did well. I loved your Inspector Doppler - his relentless courtesy, his chilly rusticity, his country canniness.

101 INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 101

MILO drops the smudged towel and walks, in the manner of DOPPLER, into the bedroom and over to the bed on which lie his shirt and suit.

101 Continued 101

ANDREW still stands in the bathroom doorway but turns round to watch MILO.

MILO
(Doppler voice)
I'm glad you view the trifling masquerade in that light, sir.

ANDREW
Your make-up was first-rate. Surely you didn't do it yourself?

MILO
I'm a hairdresser, don't forget. And I do have friends in the trade.

ANDREW
You must have slipped in here, yesterday, when I was over in Salisbury.

MILO
Yes. I waited to see you leave.

ANDREW
Dumped the clothes in my wardrobe, and sprinkled a little sacrificial blood on the banisters?

MILO
It wasn't my blood, I know you'll be relieved to hear. I got it from a pig's liver.

MILO gets his shoes out of the wardrobe and puts them on.

ANDREW
I'd have thought you could have used any Italian wine.

As neatly dressed as when we first met him, MILO turns to face ANDREW.

MILO
I'll have that drink now. A gin and tonic, I think.

ANDREW
Yes, of course. You richly deserve it, my dear fellow. Come along.

ANDREW leads the way out of the bedroom. MILO follows.

102/ 103 INT. GALLERY AND STAIRCASE - NIGHT 102/ 103

ANDREW and MILO cross the gallery.

MILO
You know I haven't congratulated you yet on your -
(pause)
game. It was "jolly good."

ANDREW
Did you think so? Oh good! I must say I was rather delighted with it myself.

MILO walks briskly down the staircase. ANDREW remains on top and watches him go down.

ANDREW
Tell me, did you really think that your last moment on earth had come?

MILO
Yes.

ANDREW
You're not angry, are you?

104/ 106 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 104/ 106

MILO pours himself a drink. He stands directly below ANDREW, hidden by the intervening gallery.

MILO
Angry? I don't understand. That's one of your words.

ANDREW
(looking down)
Look, I've already tried to explain to you when you were playing Doppler. I wanted to try your mettle - to see if you were, as I suspected, my sort of person.

MILO
A games-playing sort of person?

104/ 106 Contd.

104/ 106

ANDREW
Exactly.

MILO
And am I?

ANDREW
There is no doubt about it.
(HE descends to MILO)
Compare your experience this weekend, my dear Milo, with any previous moments of your life. If you were honest with yourself you'd have to admit that you have lived more - intensely - in my company than with anyone else. Even with Marguerite. We know what it is to play a game, you and I, and that's so rare. Two people coming together equally matched, who have the courage - and the talents - to make of life a continuing charade of bright fancy and happy invention. To face out its emptiness, its - terrors - by playing. By just playing.

HE now stands facing MILO.

MILO
(bitterly)
Haven't you rather forgotten the jumped-up pantry boy who doesn't know his place? We are from different worlds, you and me, Andrew. In mine, there was no time for bright fancies and happy invention, no stopping for tea. The one game we played was survive - or go to the wall. If you didn't win - you just didn't finish. Loser lose all. You probably don't understand that. Probably too far from the nursery - to the gutter.

ANDREW mixes himself a drink.

ANDREW
Understand or not, nothing you've said disproves my point. Look at the way you chose to get back at me - by playing Inspector Doppler.

MILO
Simple revenge. Paying back in kind. Every wop knows about that.

104/ Contd. 106

104/ 106

ANDREW
Rubbish! You could have revenged yourself in any one of many crude Mafiosi ways - cutting off the gardener's hands, for example, scratching loutish words on the paintwork of my Bentley - but no, you had to resort to a game.

MILO
A game for a game, that's all.

ANDREW
And is honour satisfied? Score even? One set all?

MILO
"Honour" - that's another of your words. I know you stripped me more than naked ... I know you actually terrified me to death. And I can't ignore that. Oh no ... I stood up there on those stairs, looking down and realising that the coat sleeve button, the banister, the nail on my fourth finger were absolutely the last things I was going to see, ever - and then I heard the sound of my own death. That changes you, Andrew, believe me. I still owe you for that ...

ANDREW
(soothingly)
Shock, my dear chap. It will pass. Here, have another drink.

ANDREW reaches for his glass. MILO jerks away. ANDREW eyes him curiously, sensing something in the wind.

MILO
I don't want an even score! And don't give me any of that one set all, the game's the thing, it's enough-to-take-part crap! My father just "took part" - and his father - and his father - losers back as far as you want to go. But it stops with me. With me, the Tindle's start winning - the others start losing. You, for example.

ANDREW
Me? Lose what?

MILO
A new game. My kind. My rules. Played my way. And so - for a start - I <u>have</u> killed someone.

104/ Contd. 106

ANDREW
Killed someone?

MILO
Murdered someone. Committed murder.

ANDREW
You're not serious.

MILO
Deadly. Both the game and the murder are real. There'd be absolutely no point in another pretend murder game, isn't that right?

ANDREW
No, none ...

MILO
(emotional)
No ... We're past pretending, now. That's for the amateurs, for the -
(spitting the word out)
gentlemen players, like you.

ANDREW
Look here, Milo, perhaps at some other time ...

MILO
(explosively)
It can't wait!

ANDREW
(soothing)
All right. All right. Let's play your game. Whom did you kill?

MILO
(mocking the use of the word)
Whom? ... Whom? ... Who's the closest to being someone besides yourself, you could care about? Would it be your girl friend - Tea?

ANDREW
Possibly. Why?

MILO
She's the one.

ANDREW
You killed Tea?

104/ 106 Contd.

104/ 106

MILO
(a little giggle)
She whose cobalt eyes were the secret forest pools of Finlandia.... I closed them.

ANDREW
You...

MILO
I strangled her - right here on this rug ...
I strangled her, and ... oh yes ...
I screwed her first.

ANDREW
You raped and stran...

MILO
No. Not rape. She wanted it.

ANDREW
(laughs)
You're lying! You can't take me in with a crude game like this. Honestly, Milo - I gave you credit for better sport.

Now, MILO gives himself a drink. ANDREW eyes him attentively.

MILO
When I was here yesterday, planting the blood and clothes for Inspector Doppler, Tea showed up looking for you. I pitched her a little woo, as you would have said in your day, and we danced cheek to cheek to those cornball Big Band oldies of yours. I mean, who but you would have them? Anyway, it worked. She got all itchy and I had to scratch, didn't I? Afterwards, of course, she got sleepy and that's when I did it, old boy. Wrung her neck. She was under that freshly dug mound of earth that old Doppler took such a fancy to.

ANDREW
(amused)
Was? You mean she's not there, now.

MILO
No, I moved her.

104/ 106 Contd.

104/ 106

ANDREW
(derisory)
Where to? The flooded gravel pit? Fu Manchu's abandoned glue factory?

MILO
It doesn't matter where. The police will find her in due course if they haven't already. But it was too easy leaving her here ...

ANDREW
The police?

MILO
Yes. You see about an hour ago I phoned them up, and asked them to meet me here at ten o'clock tonight. They should arrive in about fifteen minutes.

ANDREW
(sarcastic)
Yes, yes. I'm sure they will. Led, no doubt by intrepid, downy Inspector Doppler.

MILO
It'll be a real cop, have no fear of that. Detective Sergeant Tarrant is his name. Check it if you like. I told him a lot about you, Andrew. I said that I knew you to be a man obsessed with games playing - and murder - considered as a fine art. Your life's great ambition, I said, of which you'd often spoken, was to commit an actual real-life murder, hide the body, and then leave clues linking you with the crime, scattered about your house, convinced that the poor simple-minded police wouldn't recognise them for what they were.

ANDREW
(little boy voice)
Please sir, Andrew Wyke can't rest until he's committed a real murder which is going to make fools out of all you coppers.
(normal voice)
Honestly! Tell that to the average desk sergeant, and you'd find yourself strapped straight into the giggle jacket.

104/106 Contd. 104/106

MILO
Not so, in fact. I told them that if they didn't believe me, one look at your books and the furnishings of your house would confirm what I said about your obsessions.

ANDREW looks around the room. The CAMERA takes in his POV and CUTS to various objects of grotesquerie.

ANDREW
(uncertainly)
Go on.

MILO
I also told them that two days ago your girl friend had come to my house in great distress, saying you suspected she was having affairs with other men, and had threatened to kill her.

ANDREW
I'll bet they believed every word of that.

MILO
In the end - yes, they did. Of course, I told them I had no proof that any harm had actually been done to her, but I thought I had better report the matter, particularly as I had just received an excited phone call from you, Andrew, saying you were all set to achieve your life's great ambition.

MILO smiles sweetly at ANDREW, and spreads his hands in a florid gesture. Confidently, ANDREW crosses to the phone.

ANDREW
My dear boy, I quite appreciate that in spite of your denials, you have been captivated by the spirit of games-playing, and the need, as you see it, to win at any cost, but frankly you are trying too hard to be a big boy, too soon.

ANDREW lifts the telephone receiver and dials. He waits a long time for someone to answer.

104/ 106 Contd.

ANDREW
Hullo, Joyce, this is Andrew ... May I speak to Têa, please .... She's been what...? Strangled? When was this...? Where was she found? What? .... I can't make out what you're saying. Joyce, control yourself... The police? ... What? ... Oh my God!

The receiver falls from his hand. MILO, delighted with himself replaces it for him.

MILO
You should have believed me. And now we are going to play the game. You have a little over thirteen minutes before the law arrives. It's going to be your giant brain against their plodding ones. Concealed about the house are four clues incriminating you as Têa's murderer. Including, as a final expression of your contempt for the police - the murder weapon itself. Are you ready?

ANDREW
You can't make a game out of real murder.

MILO
We'll see. Now remember. Four objects. Those you don't find, be sure the police will. They're all in plain view, though I've somewhat camouflaged them to make the whole thing more fun. The first object is a crystal bracelet, and it's in this room.

ANDREW
Not the ...

MILO
Yes. I tore it off her wrist. It's inscribed "From Andrew to Têa, a propitiatory offering to a Keralian Goddess."

ANDREW
Alright! Alright! I know how it's inscribed.

MILO
'Propitiatory'. Even Têa didn't know what it meant.

104/ 106

104/106 Contd. 104/106

ANDREW stares at MILO intensely. Then convinced he's on the level, he takes off his jacket and starts to search the room carefully, paying particular attention to glittering ornaments, like a lump of fossilised rock used as a paperweight, or a game with a highly reflective surface, hanging on a wall. While he searches, MILO helps himself to another gin and tonic which he pours into a tall glass. He watches ANDREW's search for a few minutes.

MILO
Would you like some help?

ANDREW
(tensely)
Yes, damn you.

MILO
Tch! Tch! Tch! So soon? - Now then, where did I put my list?

HE rummages in his pockets and produces a folded sheet of paper.

MILO
Here we are. It's a clever little poem.
(reading)
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him he may spy;
But optics sharp it needs and keen,
To see what is not to be seen.

ANDREW
(enraged)
You said everything was in plain view!

MILO
(vulgar, queen inflection)
Aren't I the shifty sly boots then?

ANDREW
(blustering)
You're not giving me any kind of a chance, you bastard.
(slowly to himself)
I must think ... think ... In plain view, yet not to be seen. H'm, there's an optical trick involved ...

HE starts to search very carefully. The CAMERA mirrors his painstaking effort.

104/ 106 Contd.

104/ 106

MILO
Tea and I looked up "propitiatory" in the dictionary. What was it she had to forgive you for, I ask myself?

ANDREW
None of your damn business.

MILO
Just for being yourself, I suppose. Just for being cold, torturing, bloody minded, Andrew Wyke.

ANDREW
Shut up and let me concentrate.

ANDREW pauses in the middle of the room.

ANDREW
Optics sharp it needs and keen, to see what is not to be seen ... with the naked eye? It's microscopic! Only a fraction's on display ... That's it!

ANDREW picks up his magnifying glass and starts to examine a clutter of glittering objects.

MILO
"The traditional tool of your trade, Inspector?" You won't need it. The bracelet is in full view. Why not ask yourself how your man Merrydick would have gone about the search?

ANDREW
(furious)
Merridew! St. John Lord Merridew!
(to himself)
Calm ... Keep calm! Think.
(closes his eyes in thought)
What are the properties of crystal? Hard ... brilliant ... transparent.

104/106 Contd.

MILO
Rather like you.

ANDREW
You look through it, . . and you don't see it. That's the trick. Now the only place to conceal a transparent thing so as to make it invisible, yet keep it in plain view is in or on another transparent thing, like .... like ....

104/106

ANDREW runs about the room inspecting transparent glass objects - a glass vase, the water jug on the drinks table, suddenly turns and looks at MILO. MILO sips at his drink. ANDREW crosses to confront him.

ANDREW
Like .... like ....

The CAMERA moves into an EXTREME CLOSE UP of MILO's glass, but we see nothing in it except liquid. ANDREW suddenly seizes it and tips it out on to the flag stones. The crystal bracelet winks up at us from the mess. ANDREW stoops down and triumphantly picks it up and waves it in MILO's face.

ANDREW
Clear as crystal! But I don't need to destroy this, do I? She could have left it here any time.

MILO
True. It was only planted so that the police could read the inscription; so they'd know your relationship with Téa hadn't always been a happy one.

ANDREW
Very subtle. What next?

MILO
The next object is much more incriminating. Here's a riddle one of your nannies must have taught you:
(singing)
Two brothers we are,
Great burdens we bear
On which we are bitterly pressed.
The truth is to say,
We are full all the day,
And empty when we go to rest.

104/106 Contd. 104/106

ANDREW
Oh, I know that ... now just a minute ... full all the day... empty when we go to rest ... yes ... yes ... I know ...
(triumphantly)
It's a pair of shoes!

MILO
Well done! I know an attentive little boy when I see one. In this case, one right, black, high-heeled shoe. Size six. The other, I need hardly add, is on Têa's body.

ANDREW sets off towards the hallway.

ANDREW
Oh my God. Poor Têa.

SCENES 107 & 108 OMITTED.

109 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT 109

ANDREW searches feverishly amongst a pile of riding boots, shoes, Wellingtons and other country footwear, in the hall closet. MILO strolls up and watches him.

MILO
Poor Têa, eh? Well that's a bit better. It's the first sign of sorrow you've shown since you heard of her death.

ANDREW
(unheeding)
You wouldn't have put it in here. Nor even upstairs amongst Marguerite's shoes. Much too obvious.

MILO
Such grief is touching. You really are the salt of the earth, Andrew, you know that? By the way, that's a clue if you're interested.

ANDREW stops searching.

ANDREW
(to himself)
A clue? What? Salt of the earth? Earth? - You buried it? No, the other one's buried.

(continues on Revised Page 126.)

109 Continued 109

ANDREW (contd.)
Salt? - Pepper ... Salt Petre ... Salt Water ... Salt Cellar ... That's it! The Cellar!

ANDREW runs out of the hallway. The CAMERA HOLDS on MILO's hard, gently smiling face, beside Marguerite's red hat and coat. HE looks after ANDREW ...

110 INT. THE CELLAR NIGHT 110

ANDREW bustles down the stairs, and into the inner cellar. HE flips on the gas lamp, and starts his search with the dressing-up basket. HE empties it. The clown mask and slap shoes are among the articles he roots out. Tossing them, with the others, on to the centre table.

As ANDREW moves on to the tableaux, the wine cellar, etc., MILO strolls down the stairs. HE pauses on the outside of the iron bars, watches ANDREW's frantic search ...

MILO
(with grudging admiration)
You're really turned on, aren't you, Andrew? Even though the game you're playing is for your own life. Practically having an orgasm...
(parody of ANDREW)
Shoe ... Shoe ... I ask myself, if I was a black shoe where would I hide? That is, if I was as black as your hat, or as black as the ace of spades, or as black as -

ANDREW
Coal!

From inside the wine bin, ANDREW runs out past MILO to the coal bin. HE stares into it. MILO crosses to sit on the low bench against the stairs.

ANDREW starts to push coal aside from outside the bin. HE stops, turns to stare at MILO. MILO returns his look blandly. ANDREW, in sudden decision, climbs into the bin, starts to dig away.

MILO
You're getting warmer, Andrew - and blacker. It must be quite an experience. I don't suppose blacks play much of a part in your books, do they? ... Just the odd eye-rolling darky - to take his place alongside the swarthy yid, and the oily Levantine?

ANDREW straightens up to glare at MILO - wipes his sweaty face with the back of his hand, blackening it nevertheless - then resumes digging.

110 Continued 110

There is a glint as the brass head of the fire poker is exposed. ANDREW's reaction. HE grabs at the poker, and pulls. The CAMERA is VERY CLOSE on the length of the poker as it emerges from the coal - with the shoe on the end.

A triumphant CLOSE UP of ANDREW. HE plucks off the shoe and holds it up. It is caked with mud.

MILO
Sorry it's so messy. It's only earth from Têa's first grave in your garden.

ANDREW hops out of the coal bin, tosses the shoe into the furnace. HE consults his wrist watch which he must wipe clean to read. HE takes no notice of his own filthy condition ...

ANDREW
(confidently)
Not too bad. We're up with the clock, I think.

MILO
Barely.

ANDREW
(moving to the bottom of the stairs)
Then what's next?

MILO strolls away into the inner cellar. HE chuckles. (An imitation of the sailor's No. 1 laugh).

ANDREW
What do you find so damned amusing?

MILO, still moving, laughs again. (An imitation of the sailor's No. 2 laugh). HE waves his arms. HE comes to a stop by the centre table.

ANDREW
What the hell are you laughing at?

MILO laughs again. (An imitation of the sailor's No. 3 laugh - and movements).

ANDREW
Are you sure you are quite alright?

MILO
Oh yes. I'm alright Jack.

ANDREW
(incredulous)
Jack? You simple-minded twit, you've been handing me the clue all along! Jolly Jack Tar! It's on the sailor!

110 Continued 110

HE dashes up the stairs. MILO calls after him . . .

MILO
True! That's where it is - !

ANDREW stops on the stairs, looks back at MILO. MILO picks up the clown's mask, smiles at it face to face.

MILO
(smiling at the clown)
But this time I won't tell you what it is.

ANDREW continues up out of the cellar. MILO lightly kisses the nose of the clown mask, then strokes its hair. HE crosses to place the clown's mask on the skeleton's head. HE then strolls out after ANDREW.

111/ 112 INT. MAIN ROOM NIGHT 111/ 112

We have CUT to the face of the laughing SAILOR, hideously distorted. We PULL BACK to see it is under the magnifying glass which ANDREW is holding up to it. Slowly he moves it over the face, revealing each unlovely feature in detail. ANDREW stands back baffled. Plainly he has not been able to find anything unusual on the dummy. MILO appears behind him, smoking his cigar.

MILO
He looks disappointed in you, Andrew.
But then it's no laughing matter. Or is it?

MILO presses the button, and the Sailor laughs, and appears to wink. ANDREW stares at it. The Sailor stops laughing.

ANDREW
Do that again. Make him laugh again.

The Sailor laughs and stops.

ANDREW
My God! He's never winked at me before.

The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO A CLOSE UP of the Sailor's open eye as ANDREW runs forward. HE examines the eye closely and then with a soft cry of satisfaction starts to peel a false eyelash off the Sailor's own eyelash. It is this which has been holding the eye open, and it now falls shut.

ANDREW
Got it! The other, I assume, is on one of poor Tea's eyes.

111/ 112 Continued

111 112

MILO
She won't miss it. They're both closed.

ANDREW hurries to a cigar lighter, burns the eyelash.

ANDREW
How much time?

MILO
About three minutes. Hardly enough, I'd say.

ANDREW
There's one thing left, I think. The murder weapon. You strangled her here ... what with? ... A rope ... A belt ... A scarf?

MILO
It bit into her neck very deeply, Andrew I had to pry it loose.

ANDREW
You'll pay for that, I promise, you sadistic, bloody wop.

MILO savagely, suddenly, kicks the intricate "Senat" game over, scattering it ...

MILO
(calmly)
I hope I didn't hear that correctly. You're certain to need a lot more help. I'd hate to have to start giving you difficult, Italian sort of clues full of treachery and double dealing.

ANDREW
(controlling himself)
Alright! Alright!

MILO
As a number of wops have remarked from time to time, "Non é oro tutto che scintilla."

ANDREW
Is that a clue?

MILO shrugs elaborately.

111/ 112 Continued

111/ 112

ANDREW
Well, I presume they haven't all remarked it in Italian!

MILO
At least you knew it was Italian, even if you can't speak it. I suppose that's what is meant by a general education in England.

ANDREW
You're pretty damned insufferable, Tindle.

MILO
Of course I am. I'm in charge now. You've become the foreigner.

ANDREW
What the devil do you mean, foreigner?

MILO
It's very simple. Foreigners are the ones who are not in charge. You're in my country now, and the language is Italian.

ANDREW
Well say the damn thing again.

MILO
Non é oro tutto che scintilla.

ANDREW ponders it. HE paces ...

ANDREW
Again! Say it again!

MILO
Non é oro tutto che scintilla.

ANDREW
(to himself)
Oro ... Oro ... gold ... oro tutto ... all gold ... scintilla ... scintillare ... scintillate ... Gold scintillates ... Gold glitters... I know ... All that glitters is not gold !

MILO
(posh)
There'll always be an England.

111/112 Continued 111/112

ANDREW
You strangled her with something glittering and golden...

MILO whistles a little phrase through his teeth. The tune is not immediately recognisable.

ANDREW
A musical clue, eh? ... Come on let's have a few bars. Golden notes ... Golden scale ... Golden chord ... That's it! A golden chord! You strangled her with a golden cord and ... and wound it into the bell pull.

ANDREW runs to the bell pull an examines it. The CAMERA CUTS TO A CLOSE UP of it, but there is nothing there.

ANDREW
No, dammit, you didn't ...

MILO whistles "Anything Goes".

ANDREW
Ah ... "Anything Goes"! In olden days ... In olden days, a glimpse of stocking. A stocking! That's it. Now where do you put stockings? On legs ... Golden legs ... not a golden leg in the blasted house.

ANDREW works his way about the room and passageway checking standard lamps, the fender, and various brass or golden objects.

ANDREW
Is it in this room?

MILO
Non capisco.

ANDREW hurries into the study...

SCENE 113 OMITTED

114 INT. STUDY - NIGHT 114

ANDREW enters the study, and examines every article of furniture which could mask a golden stocking.

MILO (V.O.)
(singing)
In olden days a glimpse of stocking was
looked on as something shocking, now
Heaven knows, anything goes...

ANDREW dashes out of the study and into the billiard room.

115 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 115

MILO continues to sing. ANDREW, in the background, searches the billiard room. MILO stops and moves towards the window.

MILO
I thought I heard something.

116 INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT 116

Breathlessly, ANDREW crawls round the table feeling the pockets and tassels for stocking. HE also runs his hands over a rack of billiard cues.

MILO (V.O.)
(calling)
Andrew! Andrew!

ANDREW
(calling)
What?

MILO (V.O.)
(calling)
They're here. The police are here.

ANDREW runs to the grilled partition.

117 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 117

MILO is standing by the window looking out towards the front door.

MILO
Looks like you've had it Andrew. They're
coming up the drive.

ANDREW
(desperate)
Keep them out!

117 Continued 117

MILO
Keep the police out? It isn't done, old boy.

MILO saunters towards the hallway. ANDREW runs in from the billiard room.

ANDREW
One more minute! Stall them somehow - please!

MILO
Remember. In olden days a glimpse of stocking.

MILO goes into the hallway, leaving ANDREW to look wildly about him. We hear a thunderous knock on the front door. ANDREW looks fearfully towards the hallway.

118 INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT 118

ANDREW'S POV. We see MILO go toward the front door. We hear it open.

MILO
Good evening, Sergeant. Good to see you again.

119 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 119

ANDREW stands contorted in thought. Perspiration runs through the coal dust on his face.

ANDREW
Olden days ... A glimpse ...

TARRANT (V.O.)
Yes sir. This is Constable Higgs.

MILO (V.O.)
Good evening, Constable.

HIGGS (V.O.)
Good evening, sir.

ANDREW
Olden days - before tights - nylon - before nylon, what? ... Silk - what else? What else? Clocks! Stockings had clocks, in olden days!

119 Continued 119

The grandfather clock strikes ten o'clock. CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO AN EXTERIOR CLOSE UP of the half-glasses case to see the pendulum moving back and forth, in and out of sight. The striking and ticking almost drown the conversation from the hallway. ANDREW runs up the stairs to it.

MILO (V.O.)
Nice of you to be so prompt. I apologise for keeping you out there for a moment. I'm not familiar with these locks ...

TARRANT (V.O.)
(from hallway)
That's alright, sir. We're used to waiting.

MILO
Won't you hang your coats up! It's a bit warm inside.

The off-stage conversation continues over the ensuing action and dialogue.

120 INT. GALLERY - NIGHT 120

ANDREW arrives at the clock. At first he sees nothing.

ANDREW
A glimpse! Now you see it, now you don't. The pendulum!

He throws open the case. Quickly he strips the stocking off the long brass pendulum which has been concealing its presence. The clock makes a fearful noise of jangled weights. HE balls the stocking up in his hand, runs into Marguerite's bedroom.

121 INT. MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 121

ANDREW runs through the bedroom to the bathroom, leaving black footsteps on the white rug.

122 INT. MARGUERITE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 122

ANDREW throws the balled stocking into the lavatory and flushes it. Then cleans himself with a towel streaking it with coal dust. HE is about to leave the room when HE notices the stocking is still in the bowl. Frantically, HE flushes. It disappears at the last gasp. HE starts out again, but returns and lowers the seat.

123 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 123

ANDREW appears on the gallery and runs lightly down the spiral staircase.

TARRANT (V.O.)
(from hallway)
Yes, I expect we will be here a little time, sir.

MILO
Here Constable, let me take your helmet.

HIGGS
Thank you sir. If it's all the same to you I think I'll keep it with me.

MILO
Right then. I'll just tell Mr. Wyke you're here.

ANDREW throws himself into an easy chair and picking up his manuscript affects to be deeply engrossed in it. MILO appears in the room.

MILO
Andrew, may I introduce Detective Sergeant Tarrant, and Constable Higgs?

ANDREW
(going on reading)
Of course! Come in, gentlemen, come in.

There is a pause. No one enters.

MILO
Or perhaps I should say Inspector Plodder - and Constable Freshface.
(calls out toward entrance hall)
Thank you Sergeant. We won't be needing you after all.

Slowly ANDREW lowers his manuscript, in horror. Pages start to slip to the floor.

MILO
(Tarrant's voice)
That's alright sir. Better to be safe than sorry, that's what I say. Goodnight, sir.
(own voice)
Goodnight Sergeant. Goodnight Constable. Goodnight.

123 Continued 123

MILO turns to ANDREW and grins contemptuously. ANDREW stares up at him, a shattered man. The rest of the manuscript drops from his hands.

MILO
First, I suppose you'll want to know about Têa? She did call yesterday, while I was here setting the Doppler scene. I told her about the trick you'd played on me with the gun. She wasn't a bit surprised. She knows only too well the kind of games you play - the kind of humiliation you enjoy inflicting on people. I explained that I wanted to play a game to get even with you. I asked her to lend me a stocking, a shoe, a false eyelash, the bracelet you'd given her. I must say she was happy to help. So was her flatmate, Joyce.

MILO picks up the telephone and offers it to ANDREW who makes no move to take it, but remains, with his head in his hands now.

MILO
Would you like to phone Têa? She'll talk to you now. But then, of course, you wouldn't have much to say to her. She's not really your mistress, is she? She told me that you and her hadn't made it together for over a year. She told me that you were practically impotent - not at all, in fact, the selector's choice for the next Olympics.

ANDREW lets out an irrepressible cry of humiliation. MILO looks contemptuously at him.

MILO
I warned you, Andrew. I don't play for the sport. Particularly games of humilation. I know too much about that.

HE walks away towards the stairs. Wearily ANDREW lifts his head.

ANDREW
Where are you going?

123 Continued 123

MILO
To collect Marguerite's fur coat.

ANDREW
Then she's not coming back?

MILO
No.

There is a significant pause. MILO starts up the steps.

ANDREW
(finally; rigidly)
I live as I want to live.

MILO pauses on the steps. HE nods.

MILO
Alone. Most people want someone to live with - to share their lives. But you have no life to give, have you? Your closest friend is a mechanical dummy - all you have to offer are the tricks and shadows of long ago.
(Returning to ANDREW)
Why don't you take a good look at yourself, Andrew, and ask yourself why you're so hung up on the English detective story. Don't you realise that the only place you - and it - can live is a dead world? A country house world where the nobs play their games in libraries and billiard rooms; where butlers steal the port and bully the ignorant parlour maids in the servants hall. A world where foreigners are always figures of fun, and where the lower class pros lose every round, and only the upper class amateurs win. It's a world of coldness and class hatred, and cardboard characters who aren't expected even to communicate with anybody - much less understand.

There is no reply from ANDREW. MILO starts up the stairs again.

124 INT. GALLERY - NIGHT 124

MILO pauses on the gallery to look down at the immobile figure of ANDREW.

124 Continued 124

MILO
You know, I've been thinking about that biographer feller you were talking about. And it's my opinion that your detective stories are the normal recreation of snobbish, outdated, life-hating, ignoble minds. I'll get that fur coat now.

MILO continues across the gallery and disappears in the direction of MARGUERITE's bedroom.

125 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 125

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP OF ANDREW's tortured face. Very slowly it relaxes and the expression of humiliation is replaced by a kind of mad, triumphant, cunning - the expression of a man who suddenly realises that he can snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat.

HE moves to the drawer from which he previously took the stethoscope, glass-cutter, etc. This time it contains his revolver. HE removes it, breaks it open and loads it with live ammunition.

ANDREW
(Merridew's voice)
You see, Inspector, I was working in my study, when I heard a noise in here, so I took my revolver and came in to investigate. And there was this young man running down the stairs with my wife's fur coat over his arm. I shouted for him to stop, but he paid no attention. Instead, he ran on towards the front door, trying to make good his escape. So, naturally, I fired. I aimed low, believe me I did, but the most appalling thing happened - I shot him dead.

(Doppler's voice)
That's alright, sir. You mustn't distress yourself unduly. A thing like that could happen to anyone.

Hearing MILO approach (the SOUND of the turnstile), HE crosses casually to stand before the fireplace.

126 INT. GALLERY - NIGHT 126

MILO walks along the gallery carrying a fur coat over his arm. HE descends the spiral staircase, jauntily.

127 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 127

MILO gets to the bottom of the stairs, but is halted by something in ANDREW's manner. HE doesn't see the gun which ANDREW is hiding behind his back.

ANDREW
About understanding. You must understand that I can't let you go, now.

MILO
What do you mean?

ANDREW
Going around telling everybody ... No. It's just not possible.

MILO
Who would I tell? Who'd be interested?

ANDREW
Even one person would be too much. Even just Marguerite - especially Marguerite.

MILO
What are you going to do then, Andrew. Shoot me down? Play that old burglar game again?

ANDREW
That's precisely what I could do.

MILO
It wouldn't work, now, even if you had the guts to go through with it.

ANDREW
No? Why not?

MILO
Because of what <u>really</u> happened after I left here on Friday night.

ANDREW
So? What 'really' happened, then?

127 Continued 127

MILO
I did 'lurch' home. Dazed and dirty and humiliated. And I sat up all night unable to go to bed. I just sat there in a chair. In the morning I did go to the police - told them what you'd done to me. One of them - Detective Sergeant Tarrant, - yes, he's real - took me into a little back room and we had quite a long chat. I don't think he paid much attention to anything I said. He seemed much more interested in my relationship with Marguerite, which by the way, they all appeared to know about. So I thought to myself he's not going to do anything about this.

ANDREW
No? Why not?

MILO
You know the answer as well as I do. In his eyes I'm just some common little git who's been screwing the wife of the local nob, and has got what he deserved. So I don't know, perhaps the police won't come by as they said they would. But even if they don't, they'd never swallow your burglar story. Not now. So you see you've lost.

ANDREW
(firmly)
I don't believe one word you're saying.

ANDREW produces the gun from behind his back and points it at MILO, who backs away a pace and then straightens up.

MILO
It's the truth.

ANDREW
You're lying!

MILO
(desperately)
Phone Sergeant Tarrant if you don't believe me!

127 Continued 127

ANDREW
And say what?
(childish voice)
Please Sergeant, has Milo Tindle been in saying that I framed him as a burglar and then shot him? I'm not that half-witted.

ANDREW approaches very close to MILO.

ANDREW
I shall shoot you, Milo Tindle. You come here, you announce your intention to steal away my wife, you pry into my manhood, you lecture me on dead worlds and ignoble minds, and you mock the creation of my life-time - St. John Lord Merridew. Well, they're all real bullets this time.

MILO
The game's over, Andrew. I'm going home now.

MILO with a final contemptuous glance at ANDREW, turns his back on him and walks towards the hallway. ANDREW raises his revolver and, as MILO is about to disappear from view, fires. MILO spins round, staggers back into the room and drops, fatally shot on the flagstones. ANDREW, eyes blazing, kneels over him and wrenches his head up. MILO groans in pain.

ANDREW
You're a bad liar, Milo, and in the final analysis an uninventive games-player.

HE lets MILO slump back, then wrestles him into a half-sitting position.

ANDREW
Can you still hear me? Then listen to this. Never play the same game three times running.

There is the sound of a car approaching up the drive. ANDREW drops MILO and runs out to the hallway.

128 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 128

ANDREW runs in and crosses to the front door. Cautiously, HE opens it a crack, and peers out.

129 EXT. THE DRIVEWAY OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT 129

ANDREW'S POV. The driveway is empty. After a long moment a police car emerges from the tunnel of trees which form the driveway, and drives towards the house, its blue light flashing. Smoked glass and headlights prevent us from catching a glimpse of the occupants.

130 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 130

ANDREW closes and bolts the front door, and stands numb with fear, unable to move. Behind him in the main room, MILO groans. ANDREW turns his head to look at him.

131 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 131

ANDREW'S POV. MILO lying on the floor, groaning in agony.

132 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 132

We hear the sound of the police car coming to rest. Doors open and slam. Footsteps come towards the house. There is a pause. Suddenly there is a heavy knocking on the door. Stifling a cry, ANDREW retreats from the door towards the main room.

133 INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 133

ANDREW retreats backwards into the main room. There is a renewal of the heavy knocking, and the flashing blue police light is reflected into the room through the window. MILO opens his eyes and sees it. Painfully he raises himself on one arm.

MILO
(gasping)
Don't - don't forget, Andrew - be sure -
to tell them - it was just a - bloody game.

MILO coughs and blood runs from his mouth. The knocking comes again as ANDREW backs up against the newel post of the stairs. Suddenly the Sailor starts laughing in a crescendo ending with its most hysterical cackle. ANDREW whirls to look at it apparently laughing by its own volition, then turns again to look at MILO, as with a final shuddering gasp he falls back dead. We see that both his hands grasp the panel of buttons which control the Sailor. Peal after peal of maniacal laughter joins with the steady tattoo of the door knocker. The CAMERA PULLS AWAY TO A FULL HIGH SHOT.

A FREEZE FRAME of the tableau DISSOLVES INTO a toy proscenium and setting similar to those under the CREDITS. Our setting, and our characters too, have become cardboard representations.